John F. M. Dovaston.
1/6. 2V.

C5985s

THE SAUNTERER,

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY HEWSON CLARKE,

OF EMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

And a Sketch of the Author's Life.

Mores et Studia dicam.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta.

VOLUME I.

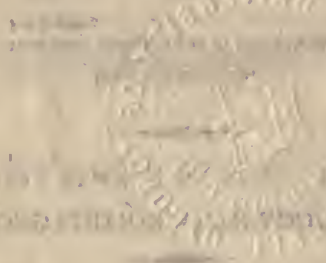
LONDON:

Printed by J. and E. Hodson, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden;

FOR T. OSTELL, AVE-MARIA LANE; AND
J. DEIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE.

1806.

3614633
4. 4. 39.



DEDICATION

TO

NOBODY.

I KNOW not to whom the Saunterer can be with so much propriety dedicated as to one who has enforced its precepts by his life and conversation. To you, indeed, I have more particular inducements for addressing this trifling testimony of respect. I cannot resist that warmth by which I am impelled to acknowledge the instructor of my infant mind, the guardian of my fame, and the friend and patron of my literary labours. To you I have been indebted for assistance and correction in the progress of my work, and for a munificent reward of that attention by which I have concluded it. From your generosity I have reason to expect that independence of fortune which may enable me to despise, in security, the insolence of wealth and the pride of ignorance.

When I thus address myself to you, I labour, indeed, under no common difficulties. That energy of thought and splendour of genius, by which you are so eminently distinguished, are so much graced by that modesty which is always the attendant on extraordinary merit, that I am obliged to restrain that ardour with which the contemplation of your talents and virtues has inspired me. I know that if I wish to preserve your patronage I must repress my enthusiasm, and admire in silence.

I cannot conclude without expressing my belief that you will judge of the SAUNTERER with your accustomed kindness. I have no doubt, indeed, that *you* will find in it much to admire, and little to condemn; that you will praise its beauties without unwillingness, and censure only when censure is necessary. Should the little bark which I have now ventured upon the stream of time, be wafted by the gale of favour to future ages, the praise of its success must belong to you.

HEWSON CLARKE.

June 30, 1805.

PREFACE.

MANY of the following Essays were first given to the world through the medium of the Tyne Mercury. The approbation with which they were received has induced me to revise the remaining Numbers, and to publish them collectively.

For all the papers, except those signed X. I must be responsible. I have been indebted for the latter, which form perhaps the most valuable part of this volume, to a gentleman whose name and talents would do honour to any undertaking. The criticisms on Master Betty, though not consistent with the original plan, are inserted by the desire of their former readers. I have prefixed translations to all the mottos, except the French ones, which

it may be presumed, are intelligible to all who will *read* the Saunterer.

If the approbation by which I was first induced to publish the present volume be not hereafter continued, I shall regret the inconstancy of praise, but I shall not accuse myself of temerity or arrogance. He who has pleased the readers of a newspaper without the aid of buffoonery, politics, or scandal, has some reason to believe that his labour has not been entirely useless. To have gained by my writings the favour and the friendship of a few, without influence, flattery, or riches, is a better excuse for my literary presumption than can commonly be offered. I am unwilling to believe that the Essays which were applauded when their author was unknown, will lose their interest when he is discovered.

Should I even be disgraced as a writer, I do not think that it will much dishonour me as a man. The reader

should remember, whatever may be the imperfections of the following pages, that they were composed by a youth, who, when he first commenced their publication, had only just completed his seventeenth year; who owed all he knew to his own enquiries and exertions; who was neither encouraged by friendship to display his literary talents, nor submitted his writings to its correction.

With respect to the observations and the characters introduced into the Saunterer, whatever may be imagined of the inexperience of their author, I think it necessary to declare, that I have advanced no opinion which I had not previously examined, have expressed no sentiment which I did not feel, nor described any character (except one) which I did not know. None of my reflections upon life or human nature were formed from books, but are such as were furnished by my own observation and

intimacy with the world. I did not think in order to write, but I wrote in order to express my feelings. When I produced the Essay on Secrets, a friend had betrayed me; when I described the miseries of Idleness, I had experienced them; when I drew the portrait of Maggot, I drew the portrait of a *Saunterer*, who advises others while he neglects himself; when I described the absurdities of common conversation, those absurdities had disgusted me.

That I was *partly* induced to the publication of these essays by the desire of literary fame, I most readily confess; but should my ambition be disappointed, I shall not look back without pleasure on the hours I spent in their production. They have sometimes relieved my mind from more weighty exertion, without suffering it to descend to less innocent amusements. Amid the censure or the ridicule of criticism I shall still remember with complacency, that

I have sometimes been preserved from idleness or folly by the composition of a Saunterer.

It is easy for those who can claim no superiority of genius, or talents, to conceal their weakness under the mask of reprehension. Some who may think my opinions or reasonings erroneous, will perhaps be willing to avoid the trouble of a more laboured argument, by exclaiming against my writings as puerile, and consequently foolish. Such censures as these, however, I shall always consider as the highest tributes of applause. My sentiments and style are neither worse nor better for the age or situation of their author, and he who affects to despise them because they were composed in circumstances unfavourable to literature, only shews his own imbecility. I am not ignorant that many who would have praised the SAUNTERER had it been given to the world as the production of an hoary philosopher, will be unwilling

to allow it any merit when it is discovered to be the production of an unbearded youth. The reasons which, notwithstanding these considerations, induced me to prefix my name, are of little importance to the world; but I have taken care not "to give a proof of my spirit at the expence of my understanding."

Gateshead, Sept. 1, 1805.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

To this Edition is prefixed an account of the Author, and at the end a copious Index is added. All the Numbers, after the 44th, have been written since the first Edition, and some errors of the Press, &c. &c. have been corrected. A few notes will be found at the conclusion, which may either be read by themselves, or with the papers they are intended to explain.

Cambridge, June, 1806.

SKETCH

OF THE

AUTHOR'S LIFE.

THE following Sketch was written at the request of the former readers of the Saunterer. Whether that request proceeded from the partiality of friendship or the unbiassed curiosity of criticism, I am not able to determine. Those, however, who are amused by the book, may perhaps wish to know something of its Author; and those who are tired by its perusal, may close the volume without being further exasperated by uninteresting egotism. Though a diffidence of our own powers has always been considered as a virtue, yet I would

rather be accused of vanity than affect a modesty which I did not feel. Much of the information is necessary to explain many of the papers in the Saunterer, and may perhaps afford some apology for its errors and defects. Independent of personal considerations, I do not think that every one who imagines his own life of importance to the world deserves either censure or ridicule. Novelty of adventure, and elegance of language, may render biography amusing and interesting, whether its purpose be to celebrate the warrior and the statesman, or to lead the mind into the recesses of obscurity. I am far from imagining, however, that either the matter or the language of the following narration will be such as to please or to instruct: *My* adventures have not been of a nature to afford, much room for energy or pathos; they are such as have occurred to thousands of those who

have preceded me, and perhaps I have been only more unfortunate than others, in relating them to the world. I could have rendered the following Sketch more attractive indeed, had circumstances permitted me; but the maxim, *nil nisi verum*, &c. is perhaps more prudently applied to the dead, than to the living.

I was born at Mary Port, in Cumberland, on the 16th of March, 1787. The early years of my life were not distinguished by any remarkable events. From my 5th till my 11th year, I was occasionally at school, but the greatest part of the learning I acquired at that period, was gained by my own exertion. My father, whom some unexpected misfortunes prevented from sending me to a public seminary, as he at first intended, endeavoured to divert my mind from books to the pursuits of commerce. His efforts, however, were ineffectual: my love of study was too ardent to be

destroyed by the dictates of prudence or of duty, and after a long struggle, he relinquished the contest. I was now completely happy, I rose every morning at 7 o'clock, and continued in uninterrupted study till midnight, when, if I sunk into the arms of sleep, it was only to dream of the books I had read the preceding evening, or anticipate the pleasures of the succeeding day. My reading was desultory, but industry long continued must always have a perceptible effect; in the course of three years I had taught myself to read and write French with tolerable facility, had gained a slight knowledge of Arithmetic and Latin, and had read near 1300 books on various subjects. My happiness, however, was interrupted by the removal of my parents to London, in the beginning of the year 1800. In the metropolis I did little but saunter in the streets, lounging at the book-

sellers, or examining the physiognomies of the passengers. To this excursion must be ascribed whatever knowledge of London the Saunterer has displayed. My stay here was not of long continuance. In the month of June I arrived at Newcastle. My adventures during the three succeeding years may, perhaps, be the subject of a future narrative, at present it would be improper to relate them. One circumstance, however, may be mentioned. In the beginning of the year 1801, when I had nearly attained my 14th year, I formed the intention of publishing a periodical paper at Newcastle. An introductory Essay, under the title of the Genius, and the 6th and 42d numbers of the Saunterer were already written, and I looked forward to the execution of my project, with all the ardor and the anxiety which is natural to youth. As I knew that my plan would be ridiculed if I was discovered, I wrote

a letter, signed with my real name, to an eminent printer in the town, and carried it myself. I was told to deliver the answer to my father, (for so they supposed Hewson Clarke to be) in which I was informed that it would be necessary to know the author of the paper, and that fifty pounds must be deposited previous to the commencement of its publication. As fifty pounds was more than I could possibly command, and as I had resolved not to disclose the secret to any one, this information totally disconcerted me, and I was obliged to defer the gratification of my literary ambition till a more favourable opportunity.

On the 22d of August, 1803, I engaged myself as assistant to a Surgeon and Apothecary. In this situation I had very little leisure. My time was engaged in the daily routine of business from seven in the morning till eight in

the evening, besides the casual employment to which my profession subjected me. My ardor, however, for reading and composition did not forsake me. In the hours stolen from sleep and business I read the principal books of the neighbouring library, and composed a number of essays in Prose and Poetry, some of which have since been published, and the rest committed to the flames. About this period the Tyne Mercury, a literary newspaper, was established at Newcastle, and conducted with great spirit and liberality. In this paper I commenced the publication of the Saunterer, on the 7th of June, 1804. They who pursue literature in solitude and leisure, undisturbed by the intrusion of the world, and the cares of active life, have little conception of the difficulties that attend the author who composes his productions amidst the noise and bustle of business and a croud, his attention distrac-

ted by a variety of objects, his ideas confused by the interruptions to which his situation perpetually exposes him; always in a hurry, lest the next moment should prevent him from concluding what he has with difficulty begun; and obliged to commit his productions to the press, without perusal or correction. The greater number of the Saunterers were composed upon the bottom of an inverted mortar, amidst the clamours and the rudeness of vulgarity and ignorance, and sent to the Printer without their author being able to correct them even when he knew that correction was necessary. Many of them were written at intervals, when the ideas which inspired his mind at their commencement were totally forgotten at their conclusion; and when he was glad to express the thoughts which crowded into his mind without any regard to their arrangement. The Saunterer was continued in

the Mercury till the 22d Number. When I found that the public were satisfied with my writings, I ventured to disclose myself. In the metropolis an author is treated like other men. He is neither an object of wonder nor curiosity. But in a town like Newcastle the case is very different; a writer, whether his productions be excellent or otherwise, is there considered as an extraordinary being. Every speech he utters is considered as oracular, and his person becomes the object of vulgar curiosity. In a town where the title of an author excited so much astonishment, it was not to be expected that one who pretended to criticise its manners or amusements could pass unnoticed. Before I had finished my 10th Number, I could not pass the streets without being pointed at as "the Saunterer; the writer who was so severe upon the ladies," &c. I was continually assailed by anonymous letters, censure, ridicule, advice or admiration. If I expressed any opinion

in conversation which did not perfectly agree with a passage in the Saunterer, a letter of remark was sent to the newspaper; and if I was seen walking with a lady, *the Saunterer who ridiculed the ladies in his works,* was actually in love.

It is with pleasure that I turn from the ignorant wonder of a foolish multitude, to the more gratifying approbation of a scholar and a gentleman, of one who knows how to praise with discrimination, and to censure with politeness. From him I received the offer of a friendship which I hope will end only in the grave. By his kindness I have been enabled to relinquish a profession, which I now look back upon only with disgust. Of this gentleman I cannot conclude without regretting that I am not permitted to mention the *name*. His *character* I will leave to be described by the eloquence of Johnson, "Of ******* ****** thus presented to my mind, let me indulge in the remembrance; he was the first friend that lite-

rature procured me, and I hope that at least my gratitude made me worthy of his notice.

"He was of a mature age, and I was only just a boy; yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a sceptic with all the obstinacy of his sect, yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me.

"His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great, and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship."

Emanuel College, Cambridge,
June 1, 1806.

CONTENTS

OF VOL. I.

Page

Dedication ..... iii.

Preface ..... v.

Life of the Author ..... xi.

No.

1. *Character of a Saunterer* 1
2. *Character of a Nervous Wife* 8
3. *Defence of Scandal (ironical)* 17
4. *The Necessity of Virtue and Temperance to the Happiness of the lower Classes of Society* 24
5. *Uncertainty of Fame—Difficulties of Authorship* 31
6. *The folly of an incautious Disclosure of our own Secrets* 40
7. *The folly of courting the Favor of the Fair Sex without the necessary Accomplishments—Letter from Amorphomus* 48
8. *The Infelicity of Childhood* 58
9. *Letter from Fashion* 64
10. *Letter from Emily Hopeful, a Country Miss arrived in London* 74
11. *The Necessity of a due Examination of the Candidates for Holy Orders* 83

12. *Difficulties of Authorship, &c.* 92
13. *Advantages of Modesty* 99
14. *New-year's Day, Necessity of a proper Employment of Time* 106
15. *Absurdities of Modern Conversation* .. 111
16. *The Injustice and Weakness of popular Declamation against the Idleness and Dishonesty of Servants* 120
17. *The same Subject continued* 126
18. *A Defence of Quacks (ironical)* 131
19. *An Openness to Conviction, and a Readiness to retract Error, the Characteristic of Honesty and Wisdom* .. 138
20. *Life of Aguesseau* 146
21. *Defence of personal Satire* 154
22. *Character of Annabella—The Folly of Modern Female Education* 164
23. *A right Employment of our Time productive of Happiness* 175
24. *Character of Maggot, a Man who advises others and neglects himself* 183
25. *Remarks on the Writings of Addison* .. 192
26. *On Conversation—X* 201
27. *Epistle from Mary Queen of Scots to Kirkaldy of Grange—X* 209
28. *The Progress of Avarice—Bargain of Dido and Jarbas—X* 219
29. *Belphegor, a Tale—X* 228

THE

SAUNTERER,

&c.

No. 1.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri :
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

HOR.

IMITATED.

But ask not to what Doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no school am I :
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, and now with Locke.

POPE.

IT is necessary for him who wishes to gain the attention of the world without its envy, that he should insinuate himself into its favour by gentleness and good humour. He who hopes to influence others by bluntness of conversation and address, will find too late that his frankness has only created him a number of enemies, equally

tenacious of their follies, and jealous of imaginary honour. The influence of the adviser cannot be employed with safety till it is too strong to be resisted. Self love will sometimes oppose every argument which ingenuity may produce; but he who engages the passions in his favour will find that he has in some measure secured the obedience of reason. His opinions will be heard without much resistance or suspicion. The obstinate will be convinced without feeling the resentment of insulted vanity, and the pliant be rendered subservient to his will, and by attachment secured from the danger of inconstancy.

The imperceptible influence which men of moderate capacity possess over those with whom they are familiar, may be in a great measure owing to the unguarded security with which their remarks are received. We do not imagine that men without pride or ostentation can counteract our purposes, or influence our opinions. We attend to them with that indifference which mere familiarity inspires, and do not find, till the discovery is useless, that our sentiments and conduct have been influenced principally by the obsequious companion and the unobtrusive friend; by one who has listened to our arguments with-

out remark, and laughed at our jests without criticism.

If mildness and incapacity are so powerful, what may not be expected from the man who to superior abilities joins equal gentleness? Who, with energy to support his principles, can enforce virtue without unmanly vehemence, and censure guilt without asperity; who, in the moments of convivial mirth, can unite gaiety with instruction, and in the circles of public life improve the morality of the sage, and the learning of the scholar, by the ease and the suavity of the man of fashion.

To influence the minds of our companions without displaying our superiority, it may sometimes be necessary to assume the character of a SAUNTERER, to glide into the company of our friends without any apparent pursuit but that of relaxation, or amusement, and while we direct the opinion of others to express our own with seeming diffidence and caution. Without assuming a dictatorial power, the Saunterer, in the commerce of conversation, may sometimes have an opportunity of improving his hearers by his knowledge or his wisdom: without incurring the suspicion of meanness he may conform himself to the manners and station of his company;

he may be serious with the grave, and merry with the gay; with the philosopher he may descant on the curiosities of nature, and trifle with a lady on the beauty of her fan; he may enforce, by his precepts, the morality of the sage, and join in the mirth and the humour of the trifler. But as there are sometimes circumstances in which submission is a proof of cowardice and meanness, so the Saunterer may be occasionally allowed to exert himself when the society of which he is a member is insulted by ignorance or folly. The liar, the slanderer, or the oppressor of weakness, may be attacked without any violation of politeness. Even the malicious dare not accuse him of impertinence while he is employed in the protection of innocence or beauty. As he ought to display in his general character the suavity, so he may sometimes be allowed to shew the firmness, the decision, and the intrepidity of the gentleman.

If this be the real portrait of a Saunterer, I have perhaps been delineating a contrast to my own imperfections. Although I have the vanity to assume the name, I cannot hope to support the character; I will not flatter myself that I shall be able to attract the gay by brilliancy of wit, or please the grave by extent of learning.

Unlike the original of my portrait, I may tire the idle by solemnity, or disgust the busy by impertinence. The student may converse with me without hearing a sentence of Greek on which to criticise, and the beau devote the time which he does not spend in the pursuits of gallantry, to teaze me in vain for a *bon mot* or a witticism.

Yet whatever may be the consequence of these deficiencies, like the rest of mankind I expect to please. I can teach the plain how to excite desire, and instruct the beautiful in the art of preserving it; I can communicate to the trifling the secret of living without scandal, and to the young the art of shining without debauchery. The girls, by listening to my persuasions, may gain husbands, and the matrons preserve unwithered the wreath of connubial felicity.

To attempt to amuse or instruct the world, after the appearance of the Spectator or the Rambler, may be considered as foolish or unnecessary; but whatever may be the knowledge of mankind which they have displayed, I cannot believe that they have left no room for the exertions of succeeding writers. Human nature will still furnish new materials for reflection, and new subjects for satire; and he who cannot

command admiration by his genius, may at least attract attention by his novelty. Though envy may be excited by the merit of a contemporary writer, it is seldom, if he be of tolerable abilities, that his advice is not more eagerly read than that of the long-departed heroes of literature. A new book is perused by every man who wishes to shine in fashionable or even respectable tittle-tattle, and among the number some may be found on whom admonition will not be ineffectual. That there is already a sufficient number of authors in the world might have been equally urged against Horace, Dryden, Pope, or Johnson; yet who would not lament the loss of any of their productions as a real injury to mankind? If it be urged that such writers may be excused, but that petty scribblers ought not to force their writings into notice, it may be asked in return, in what manner is a scribbler to discover his defects but by the judgment of the world? Let it be remembered, that such an argument as this would have equally denied to the critic the works of Milton and Tate, of Burke and Bolinbroke. Horace has supported, by well selected examples, the opinion I have advanced.

Non si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Ceæque, et Alcei minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenæ.

And Pope, with equal felicity of judgment,

Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spencer native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Perhaps, like myriads of those who have preceded me, I may have raised expectations which I cannot gratify; but when I have ceased to please, I shall retire without a murmur; and if I am not able to gain applause, shall endeavour to fly from the voice of censure. If I have shewn presumption in attempting what I am unable to perform, I may at least convince my readers that I am not devoid of shame, by submitting to their decision without impertinent resistance.

No. 2.

Eupolis atque Cratinus, Aristophanes que poetæ
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus; multa cum libertate notabant.

HORAT.

Cratin, and Eupolis, that lash'd the age
If they were to describe, a vile, unjust,
And cheating knave, or scourge a lawless lust
Or other crimes, regardless of his fame
THEY SHEW'D THE MAN.

CREECH.

AMONG the various specimens of false or pretended delicacy which are to be found in the writings of literary men, there is none more remarkable than an affectation of care lest their pages should be contaminated by allusions to the personal aberrations of living individuals. We find that Addison, amidst the variety of characters which he delineated, studiously endeavoured to convince his readers that they were formed from a general examination of the human mind, and that none were introduced which could be

considered as peculiarly applicable to any one—That Addison, in this instance, affected a delicacy which he did not feel, may perhaps be proved in a future speculation; I shall examine, for the present, whether the moralist who wishes by his writings not merely to gain reputation to himself, but to improve or amend the world, ought not to hold up examples of living turpitude and folly as the most efficacious means of executing his purposes?

If the narratives of characters of fiction be such as can surprize, they will probably be too elevated to excite shame or repentance in the bosoms of mankind, or to prove more interesting than the general amusements of an hour. It is true, that the portraits of RICHARDSON, and the precepts of JOHNSON, have a tendency to fortify the mind which has been previously inspired with honour and with virtue; but will they affect the man who has violated the principles of honesty, or risen to eminence through treachery or wickedness? Will those who have laboured successfully in the intricacies of vice, or who can by their address elude the vigilance of common curiosity, be reformed by ideal representations, which no man can imagine were designed for himself, and of which it is impossible to discover the originals?

But when we employ the aid of personal satire that satire *must* be applied; if we give a faithful delineation of the mental features of an individual, we not only employ the advantages of fiction, but have the satisfaction of reflecting that there is at least ONE MAN in the world, whom, if he be not already too deeply involved in the perplexities of folly or of guilt, our advice must lead to propriety or virtue.

The force of imaginary character may shew us in the theory the misery of vice, and persuade us that rectitude is the only foundation of felicity; but it will not teach us the necessity of virtue to preserve the attention of the world, or threaten us with mortification and disgrace, if we persist in the course of our licentiousness or impiety. But the efforts of the personal satirist may be reasonably expected to be more successful; he may affect the hypocrite by unmasking his dissimulation and his falsehood; and reform the vicious, by exposing him to the contempt and derision of the world.

That charm and that novelty which are the excellence of the works of fiction, would be lost in the relation of trivial scenes and occurrences. The effect of truth in the delineation of real characters, is equal to that of novelty in the de-

lineation of imaginary ones. While we know that we are reading the history of facts which have really happened, or the description of characters which are really existing, we dwell with pleasure upon circumstances which, in a work of imagination, would have only disgusted us. Our attention is excited by incidents neither unexpected nor surprising; we delight in the description of a family fire side, we are pleased with the prattle of a child, or sympathize with the sorrows or the joys of insignificance and poverty. In the life of GIFFARD, we are gratified by the minuteness of the narrative; we read with pleasure the history of his servitude, and are interested in the hopes or the despair of a boy condemned to waste his life in ignorance and want; in the difficulties to which he was reduced, and the means by which they were overcome. But were we convinced that Giffard was an imaginary character, that his adventures were fabulous, or that the benevolence of COKESLEY had never been employed, we should turn with weariness from the insipidity of the action, censure the minuteness of its writer, and condemn it to perpetual oblivion.

If, therefore, the delineation of the characters of real individuals be more efficacious than

the sketches of fiction, if it possess the peculiar advantage of uniting attraction with minuteness, if it enable us to reform by fear and by shame those who would listen to the precepts of morality with indifference, and if it extend its influence to domestic society and manners, it becomes in some measure our duty to employ an agent so powerful, if we wish that our writings may be ranked with those which have tended at once to elevate the mind and to purify the heart.

One of the objections that are generally levelled against this species of satire, is, that it enables the malignant or the cunning to gratify their malice under the pretence of a regard for their country or for virtue, and to calumniate the objects of private resentment, without being liable to contradiction or to punishment. But it must be recollected that the guilty alone can be hurt by its severity. It is only by the fidelity of the likeness that its object is distinguished, while the character of the innocent will remain unblemished. If we delineate the villainy of a man who has violated the dictates of justice, or betrayed the secrecy of friendship, the unjust or the treacherous alone will be condemned. Will the portrait of a woman who has spent her youth in the revelry of lewdness be mistaken for

that of the matron or the virgin? Will the description of cruelty and avarice be applied to the man who employs his life in acts of mercy and benevolence? No. The prostitute may be awakened to shame, and the miser be harrassed by compunction, but the character of the modest and benevolent will acquire new lustre by the contrast.

The world is likewise too apt to ascribe to the man who attacks the votaries of folly, some misanthropy of disposition which leads him to delight in subjects which ought only to yield dissatisfaction and disgust, however he may be free from personal malevolence. But surely to endeavour to amend the heart or to check the folly of a fellow-creature, to exhibit to the world the deformity of vice, and to warn the incautious or the weak against errors or practices which have ruined the happiness of others, is a task which no man will ever have reason to look back upon with repentance, which is not inconsistent with the dictates of mildness nor of virtue.

It must, however, be recollected, that the delineation I have recommended is not that which leads us to distinguish the original by other circumstances than the fidelity of the copy.

While we direct the indignation of the world to cunning or to iniquity, by exposing *that* cunning and *that* iniquity, our satire is only felt where it is merited; but when we describe a man by characteristics which will apply to him alone; if, while we characterize a lawyer, we mention the causes in which he has pleaded, or, in censuring the avarice of a governor, describe the situation of his government, we not only gratify the malignant and the curious, but draw the derision of the world upon men whose motives we may have mistaken, or whose conduct we may have viewed with unconscious prejudice. Instead of becoming the protectors of morality, we become, however laudable our intentions may have been, the instruments of malice or of envy, and the judges of men who, if our accusation be unjust, are obliged to submit to the condemnation or the derision of the world, without being able to punish us for our violation of candour or of truth.

Yet those who have employed their talents and their time in this species of satire, have universally considered the resentment of men, whom they have injured by their error or their falsehood, as a proof of guilt, have triumphed in the

justice of their portrait, and have exclaimed "Let the galled jade go wince!" with exultation and with pleasure. But is not the submission to a charge, which, however false and malicious it may be, will only be applied to ourselves, and which tends to effect our reputation in the most essential points, a proof of imbecility or of meanness? Is it justifiable in any man to suffer his character to be destroyed by wantonness or malignity, without endeavouring to preserve it? Is it not rather his duty to repel the attacks of envy and folly, and to expose the misrepresentation and injustice of his accuser? *Pope's* celebrated character of *Addison*, whatever may have been its falsehood, could not possibly be applied to any other individual. *Pope* did not leave the original to be discovered by the resemblance, but by the title of ATTICUS, a title which was universally allowed to ADDISON alone. Yet if Addison had publicly resented the malice and the acrimony of Pope, the latter would probably have affected to consider the remonstrance of the former as arising from a consciousness of guilt, and his readiness to apply the satire to himself as a confession of its justice. Yet is it not easy to perceive that Addison, if innocent, must have felt that the

censure of the world would fall upon himself, and that he was accused of vices, of which it would be impossible to convince the world of his abhorrence, and of which he would be considered guilty in proportion to the zeal with which he might endeavour to display his innocence.

With the intention of concealing those peculiarities *of situation and of circumstance* which can only be applicable to a few individuals, the SAUNTERER will endeavour, in his future progress, to give to the world such sketches of real individuals as may be the most favourable to the execution of the purposes with which he first commenced his undertaking; but it must not be expected that my readers will be entertained with the histories of elopements and intrigues, or be gratified by Phillipics against MEN who have betrayed their country for a pension; or DUKES who spend their lives in debauchery and lewdness. My pictures will be generally taken from the middle classes of life, and from the scenes of domestic society. If I fail to excite astonishment, I may perhaps administer pleasure. If my satires neither support a kingdom, nor reform a statesman, they may have a tendency to regulate the more important,

though less remarkable irregularities of life,—to allay the miseries of private animosity; or to teach the duties of a husband, a father, and a friend.

No. 3.

On eagle's wings immortal scandal flies. POPE.

AS I sometimes divert myself with listening to the conversations which my writings produce, without appearing to be any way interested in the subject, I have had frequent opportunities of learning the sentiments of the ladies concerning me; and I must confess that my self-love, has been in some measure lessened by discovering that many of them pay very few compliments to my genius or wit, but suppose my remarks to be the production of some superannuated old fellow, whom debility compels to rail against the pride and the folly of the fair sex. I have heard a lady, to whom the company of Mr. * * * * * appeared to be very agreeable, protest that the Saunterer was so full of morality that it almost threw her into hys-

terics, and have been surprized to hear myself ridiculed as an old-fashioned batchelor, by a beau whose life had been twice the duration of my own.

Now as I know no greater mortification than that of being considered as too dull or too serious for the company of the ladies, I hope to be able to gain their favour, and to hear "the dear sprightly fellow" echoed from one side of the tea-table to the other, as a reward for my defence of one of the most valuable prerogatives of the ladies—that of indulging themselves in the use of SCANDAL.

It must be very obvious to any one who has ever heard the conversation of a company of ladies, that without the aid of a sufficient portion of scandal they could not possibly preserve any vivacity, but would be all obliged to sit without uttering a syllable; a condition to which I am sure some of them would prefer that of perpetual virginity. Besides, every one knows that it is a principle of politeness to contribute as much as we possibly can to the satisfaction of our company; and surely this can by no means be so readily performed as by the relation of all the real or imaginary vices or follies which have been committed by the very dearest

friends which the company are possessed of. No one indeed, who has not been present, can form any idea of the pleasure which a sociable circle can receive from the delightful history of an intrigue or elopement; or how much one lady will be delighted by the remarks of her visitors upon the imprudence of Miss Q. or what satisfaction another will receive from the information that Miss W. appeared at the ball in a very unfashionable dress.

Besides, were we to disallow the aid of scandal, how many of our belles would be obliged to conceal their own virtue and merit. Now as no one will be so unpolite as to imagine that any lady can possibly be guilty of the vices which she imputes to another, the practice of scandal is eminently useful to express the abhorrence which a lady entertains for the foibles which she is so kind as to point out in her absent friends. I have known a prude, whose virtue had been very much suspected, sufficiently clear herself, in my opinion, of all such accusations, by her severity against the fauxpas of a lady of her acquaintance, and a coquet who was always remarkable for an affection for the men, regain her title to propriety by remarking in another

the very same fault which had been condemned in herself. My friend BEAU DAPPLE, who is more inquisitive in these matters than I, assures me that a lady who is very aukwardly dressed, is by the laws of decency allowed to be very genteel when she descants upon the want of taste of any of the absent belles of the town, and that a head-dress which is totally unfashionable, is allowed to be very elegant and becoming as soon as its possessor has railed sufficiently against the judgment of her friends.

The propriety of talking scandal may likewise be defended, because that qualification may be so easily acquired. It would be ridiculous to imagine that any lady would spoil her eyes or her complexion in poring over the absurdities of a few old-fashioned fellows who only mean to improve the understanding, or that she would employ that time in attending to any thing but a novel, which she is accustomed to spend at her toilette. As no female, in this enlightened age, is so unfashionable as to rise before twelve, or to sit less than four hours in arraying the colour of her cheeks, it is obvious that it must be morally impossible for any of them to gain a sufficient quantity of the vulgar kind of knowledge to render them agreeable. But scandal is exempted

from this inconvenience; for any one who is so goodnatured as to lend her assistance to the common stock, cannot fail to receive as large a portion of intelligence in return, and consequently to reap knowledge without labour or waste of time. If she delight the company by the history of an intrigue, or an elopement, she will in return be agreeably surprised by the relation that her very dearest friend Miss A. was discovered in a very uncommon situation with Mr. B. or if she gratify the circle by an account of the ignorance of Miss C. at an assembly, she will perhaps be recompensed by the assurance that her rival Miss D. has lost her beauty by a fever. After she has gained this intelligence she is amply supplied for the ensuing evening, and may exchange the fauxpas for an action of crim. con. or the fever for the ravages of disappointed love.

Scandal may likewise be defended, with a little alteration, by one of the most forcible precepts of Christianity; for if we alter the precept *do as you would be done by*, to *do as you are done by*, (a sense in which it is understood by very respectable personages) it will be a sufficient sanction to any of those ladies who remark the frailties or defects of others, since every one of

them knows that her own character will be treated with equal freedom by her absent friends. And surely no one can be so cruel, even without the authority of scripture, as to deny to any lady a privilege of which her most intimate friends are in possession; or the liberty of retaliating upon her rival, by shewing the looseness of her morals, or (what the ladies of fashion seem to consider as of equal consequence) the aukward building of her head-dress.

It seems to have been imagined by some old fashioned moralists, who have railed against the love of scandal, that a lady who talks against her neighbours has some malice or anger towards them; but I am happy to have an opportunity of declaring, that from long and attentive observation I have found this opinion to be absolutely false, insomuch that I can defend the amusement of scandal as perfectly innocent, and consistent with the dictates of Christian charity. I have known two ladies who expressed in every company the most violent astonishment at the follies of each other, embrace with the most ardent professions of attachment, and testify the utmost sorrow that distance and engagement should have denied them the happiness of seeing each other more frequently. But what has

given me more satisfaction, the very next evening I have heard the one remark that Mrs. P. was very hypocritical, as she frequently ridiculed those whose compauy she seemed to desire, and the other that *Mrs. Fiddle Faddle* was a *notorious* slanderer, as she never made a visit but to pick up materials for a tale.

If my reasonings be just, and I have proved that scandal is absolutely necessary to keep up the spirit of conversation; if it assist a lady to shew her hatred of the peccadilloes of which the world is so guilty; if it be gained without the least injury to the bloom of the countenance, or to the whiteness of the complexion; if it be always promotive of goodnature and charity; and if it enable its votaries to display knowledge and vivacity; although they be not possessed of learning, good sense, wit, or politeness, I cannot help recommending its employment as of the utmost consequence to the female world, and as absolutely necessary to every one who wishesto render herself agreeable, shining, or polite.

No. 4.

———Mensura tamen quæ
Sufficiat sensus, si quis me consulit edam;
In quantum sitis atque fames & frigora poscunt.
JUVENAL.

If any ask me what would satisfy
To make life easy, I would thus reply;—
As much as keeps out hunger, thirst, and cold.
DRYDEN.

To describe the miseries of wealth and the happiness of poverty, has always been a favourite amusement of the poet and the moralist. The inquietude of the man of fortune, surrounded by the ministers of flattery, harrassed by care, and weakened by debauchery, has been contrasted with the peace of the inhabitant of the cottage, who lives in the undisturbed enjoyment of innocence and health, without anxiety for the future or repentance for the past.

Although when we fly from the illusions of fancy to actual observation, we discover that

despair, remorse, and disease are equally familiar to the hours of the cottager and the prince, and that the victim of poverty is consequently distressed by many of the miseries of the rich without many of their luxuries; yet as these miseries are not the natural attendants of the poor, but the followers of intemperance and folly, it may not be unworthy of our labour to consider whether we may not, in a great measure, destroy them by a rigid adherence to the principles of virtue, and by a due exertion of the mind.

The poorer classes of mankind delight to relate the distresses to which they are reduced, and to complain of the hardship of their situations; but the greater number of them may deserve to be reminded, that the sums which would have supported their families with decency, and rendered their hearts more light and their cares less numerous, are too often spent amidst noise, idleness or debauchery. Let me ask them how frequently, while they complain of the dearness of provisions and the necessities of their children, they are wasting their money and their time in drunkenness or gaming? How little can any of them expect compassion or assistance in misfortune, when their moments are sacrificed to the revels of intoxication and

impiety? There are very few of them who may not reap some advantage by reflecting how much of their poverty, inconvenience, and disease have been caused by the profusion with which they squandered away, during the hours of dissipation, not only the produce of their toil, but their health and bodily activity. Almost all the numerous objects of charity who solicit our relief might shew, by the history of their lives, that although their misfortunes may demand compassion, those misfortunes have been originally produced less by the influence of accident, than by a want of habitual œconomy, and a too great indulgence in their love of the alehouse or the gaming table.

And even to the middle classes of society, who equally envy the happiness of the rich, I would wish to recommend a greater regard to decent œconomy. I would ask them whether the sums which they are unwilling to grant to the service of their country, and at which they express their murmurs, are not unfrequently given without hesitation for some useless instrument of pride or luxury. The plainest tradesman of a commercial town must have his breakfast-table ornamented with plate to half the value of his

shop, and his drawing-room ornamented with pretended originals of *West* or *Reynolds*. His daughters are trained up in a stile of expence and fashion which even an independent gentleman might find inconvenient. This is the most ridiculous species of pride. Even some regard to the happiness of their children might induce them to pay some attention to the decency of their dress. Few of them can imagine that their daughters can claim a coronet or a star. Yet what effect can this prodigality of dress produce, but that of exciting ideas of grandeur which can only yield regret and disappointment. The daughter or the wife of a tradesman cannot in the present day be distinguished from that of the nobleman but by her address, which is indeed generally so remarkable as to excite an irresistible smile of ridicule. How will an historian of a future age be believed when he informs his readers, that the daughter of the meanest citizen of the present age was dressed in the silks of Persia, and that the value of the lace with which she was adorned would have preserved her father from bankruptcy?

But tho' great attention to œconomy ought to be paid before we venture to complain of

the pressure of poverty; yet, notwithstanding their care and labour, the greatest part of mankind must be condemned, perhaps fortunately, to remain in dependance, or to be content with a very humble competency. It depends, however, in a great measure, upon every man's own exertions whether he be miserable or happy. By far the greatest part of the inconveniences of poverty are such as prudence may prevent, or activity subdue. The pursuit of visionary happiness, of folly and of vice, is equally fatal to the peace of the peasant and the nobleman, and will render even the obscurity of the cottage the seat of remorse and uneasiness.

In England there are few who have reason to regret the want of education. If the refinement of an individual be not sufficient to enable him to receive pleasure from the writers of his own country, he must reproach his own negligence. The amusement of books is therefore a resource to which every one may fly from the attacks of care. In the closet the peasant and the nobleman are nearly equal. The tradesman can enjoy the pleasures of the imagination with as absolute authority as the monarch. For the

pleasures of study there have been many who have resisted the allurements of unrestrained dissipation, of power and ambition; who have discovered in books that gratification which neither rank nor riches could procure. Yet such pleasures as these, which those who had every means of sensual enjoyment have pursued with ardor, are forsaken by those to whom they should be the most desirable, for pursuits which every hour may convince us produce nothing but remorse, disease, and inquietude. While the happiness of the great is envied, we forget that we have in our possession an enjoyment for which the great have laid aside their power, and to which the man of gallantry has flown as his last relief from the anxieties of vice, and the pangs of disappointment.

I am not ignorant of the excuses which are generally urged by the world for an improper application of its hours. A want of time, and the multiplicity of affairs, are readily offered as excuses by the weak and the indolent. Of their arguments I have in a succeeding number endeavoured to shew the fallacy. If the reasoning I have employed have weight when applied to those who can command every gra-

tification which riches or power can procure, how much more worthy of attention must they become when applied to the victim of indigence! If the happiness of the man of fortune can be increased by a literary application of his idle hours, how much more must such an application be necessary to him who is incapable of enjoying the pleasures of sensual gratification, but at the expence of all which must preserve him from the horrors of poverty and ruin!

Even to the man whose early misfortune or negligence has prevented him from enjoying the pleasures of study, there are duties and amusements which may render his life comfortable and happy. No man, unless he has advanced too far in the paths of licentiousness, can fail to find happiness in the caresses of his wife and children. It is true that this pleasure is too frequently forgotten in the company of noise and wickedness; but this is only a melancholy proof of the depravity of men whom example has ruined. The Hottentot would perhaps prefer the conversation of a cinder-girl to that of a Devonshire or a Moira, but who, whose heart ever felt the powers of beauty and of wit, would envy his felicity?

No. 5.*

"Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat
Sic leve, sic parvum est; animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit."

IMITATED.

O ye whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or rais'd too high.

Pope.

AS the natural consequence of the difficulty every one finds in the profession he has chosen, or in the rank of which he is possessed in life, we find that every man looks up to other situations and other employments as yielding to those who possess them that happiness which he has himself in vain endeavoured to find, and as conferring upon them some peculiar privileges, which he imagines his own situation is not capable of procuring.

To those who are engaged in the bustle of business, exposed to the dangers of war, or to

* Written at 14.

any man who is dissatisfied with the road to ease and honour which he has selected, the situation of an author is calculated to draw forth envy, and excite desire; for what can raise the admiration of the brave or the busy higher, than the consideration of men, who reap the laurels of honour, and receive praise without being exposed to hazards or difficulties; who can rise to eminence without labour, and in solitude and idleness receive those rewards, which are seldom attained by the rest of the human race without toil, or without danger?

Yet the profession of the author, like all others, when tried, fails to yield that satisfaction, or that happiness, which it promises. Those who follow it, find difficulties present themselves to their eyes, and no sooner are they conquered than new ones rise to view, which serve but as steps by which to discover others, till many of those who at first started grow tired in their journey, and fall down from the eminence they have in part attained, disappointed in their wishes, and wearied with their labour.—Of those who have entered the republic of literature with the hope of admiration, and the expectation of praise, few have had their hopes gratified, or their expectations answered, by success; and

those who have acquired that applause they desired, have frequently been left to struggle with discontent, and to lament the fruitlessness of their labours. He who ventures into the lists of learning, has undertaken an enterprize, of which the reward depends, in a great measure, upon the caprices of mankind, and the suffrage which is his due may be withheld by ignorance, and denied by fastidiousness.

The man who pants for glory in the field, if his renown be once blown by the trump of Fame, has little cause for the fear of losing that renown hereafter—he may sit down, contented with the reflection, that however hazardous the means by which he has gained admiration may have been, the exploits he has performed, and the courage he has shewn, will be considered as heroic through every revolution of sentiment and circumstances, and that his fame will be echoed equally by savage ignorance and learned politeness. The actions of Alexander, or of Cæsar, are not passing in continual review before us: we are obliged to place reliance upon the testimony of others for their reality and for their merits; but the works of an author are always before the world; he has no hope of extenuating faults, or procuring regard by his own representation, or

the partiality of friends; he is not possessed of power to silence clamour, or repel truth; he is always exposed to the arrows of criticism, and open to the rigidness of enquiry. If the question be neglected by his contemporaries, and he receives applause undeserved, it is taken up by posterity, and examined with severity; his faults are commented upon, and his weaknesses magnified.—This exposure to enquiry indeed, would be a desirable circumstance for those who have a just right to the claim of merit which they offer, were the examination always conducted by the hand of justice, and the openness of candour; but it is too often entered upon by those who are unqualified for the office; who spy out faults rather than merits, and who love to demolish rather than support. Works may be pronounced dull by those who cannot perceive beauties, and insipid by those who are without taste; but of courage every man professes himself an admirer; the ignorant and the wise equally esteem it, and many who, through a deficiency of learning, or a prejudiced opinion, wonder at the mention of the genius of Shakespear, or the wit of Addison, sufficiently display the interest they take in the relation of the victories of Marlborough and the valour of William.

Even those who have arrived at the height of literary eminence for which they wished, are subject to inconvenience for which though they apply, in some respects, to those eminent in other professions, yet affect writers in a peculiar degree. The merit of a book is to some men but a cause for its author being attacked; every effort of opposition, and every artifice of cunning, is used by his enemies to decrease the estimation of that man whom they cannot help envying, and every principle of false criticism is employed to censure that work which cannot be rivalled. He who hopes by his labours to transmit his name to posterity, while he expects commendation, must likewise fear censure, and must expect that honour he wishes for, to be, in some measure, lessened by the blasts of calumny and the vigilance of curiosity; for by malice or inquisitiveness, the characters of those who have become famous by the force of genius, have always been exposed to the taunts of envy and stupidity.

An author likewise, after his merits have been confessed by the learned of his own country, is prevented from receiving universal fame by the locality of languages; for few are qualified to read or study tongues which are not com-

monly spoken, so as to be able to admire the beauties of an author. The history of a man who has signalized himself by valour and enterprise, may be translated from one language into another, without lessening his reputation; but every attempt to render the fame of a writer universal decreases it; no Frenchman, unacquainted with the English language, ever conceived the sublimity of Shakespear; and every Englishman, unacquainted with Latin, who reads the translations of Horace, is astonished at the praises he has received. The example of both these authors, it is true, is an evidence that writers may possess fame in other nations besides their own; but it must be recollected that *that* fame is confined to a few, and that their names are almost unknown by the common class of those who understand not their language; and who would not rather have his name echoed by the crowd, and known by every man, than respected by a few, whatever their learning or their dignity?

But a man might still be satisfied with the prospect of regard paid to his memory, and of reverence paid to the remembrance of his vir-

tues; he might represent to himself in idea, his enemies being put to silence, and his claim to favour being acknowledged by every one; and he might console himself with the reflection, that though his fame would not extend itself to the boundaries of the universe, yet the time might come when in his own nation his name would never be mentioned without expressions of admiration, or his works be read without drawing forth commendations. But he is obliged by circumstances to recollect, that there are men who, under the cloak of friendship, and in the garb of impartiality, to gratify inquisitiveness, or to receive credit for superior information, will expose his weaknesses and infirmities to the censure and insult of posterity.

It may be doubted whether if Milton had been able to foresee with what obstinacy of argument, and perseverance of repetition, even by those who professed to honour him, he would have been branded with the titles of a promoter of rebellion, and an abettor of sedition, he would have thought these reproaches sufficiently compensated for by a crown of Parnassian laurels; and whether, if Johnson was conscious of the manner in which he has been treated, he would not resign all claim to the title of lexicographer and

moralist, to sink into oblivion, unadmired by the learned, and unreverenced by the good.—To paint the foibles of men who, by their rank or their abilities, have raised themselves to eminence, is in some measure justifiable; for to allow a man to possess a reputation he deserves not, is to allow those rewards which belong only to the deserving, to be conferred upon the unworthy; and it is necessary that the failings of the great should be placed as a mark to prevent others, while they imitate those parts of their conduct or their lives which are really praise worthy, from falling into the same errors, and the same weaknesses: but surely that biographer cannot be justified who paints scenes, and represents faults, which can be of no use as instructions to mankind, which can only be displayed to excite the grin of maliciousness, and to present gratification to unprincipled curiosity? But of the lives of men who have distinguished themselves by mental excellence, how few shall we find which do not contain relations better concealed; which can only excite the laughter of the foolish, and the pity of the wise; which tend to lessen that respect which every man ought to feel for intellectual superiority, and which give occasion to the mean and the ignorant to ridicule learning,

and despise its professors. Can any instruction be derived from the knowledge that Johnson was voracious and indecent at meals, or that Addison was intemperate in the use of wine, or improvement from the relation of Pope's weaknesses of body, or Goldsmith's personal peculiarities?

But as officiousness will still be busy, and malice always upon the watch, the man who endeavours to attract notice by his writings, ought to examine with circumspection the faults of which he is guilty, and endeavour to shake them off, and as much as possible, to preserve in the world a spotless character, that his name may not be ridiculed while it is admired, or be quoted as an authority for immorality and indecency. The moralist in particular ought to pay attention to this, as every maxim of virtue, and every sarcasm against vice, will be strictly compared with his own life, and if he do not act according to the precept he teaches, the vicious and the wanton will treat the rule he has laid down as false and dogmatical, and persuade others to disregard those cautions which he who writes them seems to consider as contemptible or useless.

But the dangers of oblivion, of reproaches, or of calumny, after death; the fear of setting a

bad example to others, or of being held up to ridicule in the grave, are too far distant to have much effect on some minds; but there are other troubles which affect the heroes of the literary world, which come higher to the senses, and which become important by frequency of repetition. These difficulties I may perhaps take notice of hereafter. I shall for the present conclude with recommending those who call themselves critics, to consider that nothing is more true than that "ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss," and that,

"In writers, as true genius is but rare,
"True taste as seldom is the critic's share."

No. 6.

Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit,
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

What wonders cannot wine effect? 'tis free
Of secrets———
And what man is not eloquent o'er his cup.

CREECH.

THERE are few maxims which are more generally acknowledged to be true, or which are more universally neglected, than that one

which teaches us, that *no man ever repented of having held his peace.*

Upon a cursory survey of the world, one would find reason to imagine that men were impelled by some irresistible impulse to speak when they should be silent, and to disclose what they ought to conceal; and that the expectation of honour, of power, or some other temporary advantage, was the temptation by which every one was induced to display his enunciative faculties; for it might be reasonably supposed, that no man would act without a motive, that he would be led into folly only by the omnipotence of his passions, and that he would only fall into error in those cases where his appetites struggled against his reason: but on a farther examination, it will appear that no man's loquacity ever raised him to dignity, or endowed him with riches; but that on the contrary, an eagerness of talking generally produces inconvenience and unhappiness.

Though slander is generally accounted the chief indication of a talkative disposition, yet it may reasonably be supposed, that those who are addicted to it would little regard the vehicle by which their sentiments were expressed, could

they by any other means equally easy stab a character, or ruin a reputation.

But there is one practice of which men are universally guilty, which seems to be the pure effect of a love of talkativeness; to which they are not stimulated by malice, nor excited by envy; which cannot owe its origin to the hope of rewards, or add to any man's happiness or riches; but which always has the contrary effect, and has a tendency to produce poverty and uneasiness.

It might be supposed, that things, the disclosure of which would be attended with danger to our happiness, would be guarded with care, and that none would suffer their ease to depend, when they could prevent it, upon the will or the caprices of others, or their peace to be unnecessarily in danger of being destroyed by the thoughtless or the foolish; yet, if we examine the conduct of the world with attention, we shall see men committing the secrets of their bosoms to those whose morality of principle they can doubt, and who have had little to recommend them but the casual conversation of an hour.

Every man who reviews his past life, will recollect innumerable times in which, without

any motive which he can now recollect, in the ardour of discourse, or in the warmth of temporary attachment, he has opened his heart to one who has proved unfaithful to his trust; who has betrayed the conversation to the next man with whom he has met; who has, in *his* turn, repeated it to others, who have had the same laxity of principle, till at length by imperceptible degrees, it has become the property of every one.

The secrets of others are sometimes revealed through maliciousness or envy, but far oftener through the vanity which every man displays, of shewing how he has been trusted by his friends; but he who betrays his own secrets, has not the excuse that he has been led away by *this* folly; but he is guilty of indiscretion in the most ample sense of the word: he must be considered as one, who, to gratify loquacity, will endanger his own happiness, and consequently that of others; and who will be reduced by the violence of *that* passion to violate the laws of friendship, and break his promises.

It is true, that the man who betrays only his own secrets, is not guilty of a breach of trust, of faithlessness, or deceit; and may think his honour lost, were he to disclose those which are

the property of others; he may consider promises as worthy of being regarded, and the communications of friendship as sacred; but it is surely not absurd to suppose, that he, who cannot keep in his own bosom things which belong only to himself, will not (whatever may be the goodness of his intentions) be prevented by discretion from betraying those which are of consequence to his friend.

This last consideration ought to impress upon the mind of every man, that if he be easily inclined to place confidence in others, he will be treated by mankind as one guilty of foolishness and void of prudence; and one who is utterly unworthy, from his thoughtlessness and levity, of being confided in by any one; and it ought to prevent him from being seduced to a return of confidence by those who have made him the depository of their secrets on a slight acquaintance, or in the hour of gaiety. It may be urged by those who are guilty of this folly, "that it is a task of great difficulty to judge with accuracy of the tempers of those with whom we associate, to distinguish the real from the pretended friend, and to chuse one who is really faithful and worthy of being trusted:" but besides that this excuse shews the ne-

cessity of reservedness and caution in the strongest light, it may be observed that it is easy to avoid those who are remarked for betraying every secret, and to know the difference between volubility and taciturnity, and between levity and steadiness.

There are some men who esteem this freedom of disclosing our affairs and opinions, as a proof of a virtuous and great mind; they imagine that he who practices it, shews that he does or thinks nothing of which he need be ashamed, or for which he has occasion to blush; but it must be recollected that this is only a *greatness* which the drunken and the licentious can display, and is as much a sign that a man has lost all shame and fear, as that he does nothing which he cannot submit to the examination of the world.

It has, indeed, been urged, in the madness of philosophy, that he who has plans or opinions of which he wants the world to be ignorant, tacitly acknowledges that they are unfit for the public eye; and that, unless a man committed something of which the disclosure would be attended with shame, he would have no occasion to keep a secret.

But to overturn this argument it ought to be recollected, that it supposes that there are in the world none who are malicious or envious, that no man wishes against reason and against conscience to circumvent the lawful designs of another, and that the world is not addicted to slander, or guilty of forming ungenerous and uncharitable opinions. If mankind were wholly virtuous this reasoning would be unanswerable; but the life of a good man is in some measure a state of warfare with the wicked and the worthless; and he surely must be highly culpable who exposes himself to be defeated by his own imprudence, who puts arms into the hands of his enemies, and who shews them the means by which they may attack him successfully.

It is unfortunate for mankind that the gay, the volatile, and the forward, who are generally the least capable of keeping secrets, are those who, by means of their insinuative arts, are the most frequently trusted with them: there is something in freedom and gaiety which imperceptibly steals upon our affections, and we do not consider that he who is acquainted with every one, and can call every man his friend, will seldom be checked by the fear of offending, or be faithful to one while he is intimate with many.

The man whom we chuse to be the keeper of our secrets ought to be religious and devout; he should be modest and reserved, rather than free and loquacious; he should be tried by experience; he should be one who seldom is communicative with respect to himself, and not inquisitive with respect to others: if such should be our choice, what can we say of the common selection of confidants, but that they have been made by caprice, and continued through folly; that they have owed their origin to the revels of drunkenness or to a similarity of vicious pursuits. To those indeed, who are directed to chuse each other for companions, through a love of licentiousness, who are joined together by the ties of vice, and who relate their secrets to each other because they would be heard with abhorrence by the rest of the world, advice is useless, and reasoning impotent; they ought only to be mentioned as a disgrace to mankind, and not with any expectations of reforming them, but as a beacon for others; vice like virtue is stronger when united, and there is little hope of reclaiming him whose companions will keep him in countenance, and display to his understanding, the one triumphant by its strength, and the other subdued through the want of unity in its followers.

No. 7.

———*At ingenium ingens*
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

HOR.

———A noble mind
Beneath this aukward form lies hid.

ONE of the weaknesses of human nature, upon which philosophers have employed their pens with seeming earnestness, but with little effect, is that of being grieved or affected with the want of the advantages of external appearance—a fault which they have stigmatized with the title of inexcusable. They have represented beauty as unworthy of regard, and have recommended every one to study the cultivation of his mind, as the basis of happiness and superiority.

I am sometimes doubtful whether these instructions, or these maxims, which counsel every man to disregard his own deformity, and which instruct the world to despise beauty, have not been given as a means of preventing the

writers of them from being despised because of their personal defects; and when I read a dissertation, meant to prove that ugliness is not disagreeable, I am apt to imagine, that the person of the author has had a nearer resemblance to the crookedness of Æsop, than to the symmetry of Narcissus.

One of the greatest impediments to the respect which mankind ought to pay to those who endeavour to instruct them, is the practice which the latter have, of endeavouring to depreciate the value of those things which are generally desired by mankind, and to persuade their readers to disregard, as unworthy of giving uneasiness, those evils which every man has learned from his infancy to dread. They have represented with unwearied diligence the impotency of power, the insufficiency of wealth, and the uselessness of honour, to confer happiness; and have described with all the force of eloquence and reasoning, the happiness of obscurity, the healthfulness of labour, and the freedom of poverty. But of the fallacy of these reasonings every man is convinced, and therefore every man despises them: those who have once been detected in striving to deceive, are seldom trusted again; and men after they have once discovered

the fallacy of the reasonings of authors upon subjects of which they themselves can judge, naturally imagine that they will equally deceive in those things which are not so easily examined. They therefore reject admonitions, and ridicule instructions; they suppose, that he who satirizes follies, or praises virtues, does it rather to procure honour to himself, than to improve or assist mankind; and that an author is regardless of the truth or justice of the sentiment he wishes to inculcate, if it but allow him an opportunity to display his learning, or to introduce an unusual thought, or a beautiful metaphor.

But were writers not to be run away with by the desire of alleviating the miseries of mankind, so much as to use arguments without solidity, and representations without truth; were they honestly to confess and display the miseries of poverty and the advantages of wealth, and endeavour to administer consolation, not by fictitious representations, but by directing the mind to new objects and new attainments, they might hope for better success; they would not have reason to fear, that those who believe them would be deceived, but would find that the use of their picture of human life would be in proportion to its truth.

The general concurrence of mankind seems to contradict the sentiments of those moralists, who have descanted upon the inutility and inefficacy of beauty, and the experience of every man is a sufficient argument of the futility of those maxims and these reasonings, which tend to persuade us, that personal appearance is unworthy the care of a man of sense; for, surely, that cannot be deemed unworthy of the attention of the wise, which can procure notice wherever it is found; which can assist him who possesses it in his journey through the world; which can add grace to virtue, and dignity to learning; which serves as a passport into every company; which increases the value of the rich, and preserves the poor from contempt; which engages the smiles of the fair sex, excites love, and creates respect.

To the Saunterer.

SIR,

Although the circumstances in which I am placed, may be to the greater number of your readers neither singular nor new, yet the relation of them may perhaps save you the trouble

of composing a paper, and have the merit of representing in the language of truth common situations and common occurrences.

"I have the misfortune to be possessed of an ungraceful form, and an unpleasing countenance. My father, with a foresight and prudence which seldom attend the generality of parents, endeavoured to make up to me, by the advantages of education, for the inconveniences I might find from the effects of my external appearance. I therefore entered the world, if I may believe what the tongues of those who had no interest to flatter me, and the eyes of those who have envied me, have declared, with a mind endowed with learning and intelligence. I was too conscious of my own inferiority in some accomplishments, and of my superiority in others, not to study to improve talents of which I found myself possessed, without being very anxious to conceal my failings: for I considered that the effect of singularity or incapacity is much greater when it is discovered by accident, than when it is candidly avowed.

"My reception in the world is such as might naturally be expected from these circumstances. At my first interview with strangers, my address and figure render me far from prepossessing;

but when I am more intimately known, and join in the conversation, little else is regarded—every eye is directed towards me, and every ear is attentive; and I seldom depart without leaving those who have heard me in astonishment at my abilities, and in admiration of my eloquence. My company is afterwards sought after with avidity, and lost with regret. Among my friends I can excite reverence and affection; the gay are attracted by my wit, and the serious by my knowledge; the wise admire me, and the self-sufficient fear me.

"But not only in the circles of private life am I known: my fame has been extended in the republic of learning; my productions have been received by the learned with applause; my opinion is decisive upon every literary question; and I have a happiness seldom enjoyed, of being at the same time an author and a patron. To these advantages I must add, that my fortune is easy, and that I have the reputation of being a good tempered man.

"Surely then (you will say) there can be nothing wanting to your happiness. Of what consequence is your deformity of person, when notwithstanding it, you may be admired and respected; and how small in the comparison is

the laughter caused by an unsightly shape, to the applause of nations, and the attention of philosophers!

"Were there none but men in the world, Mr. Saunterer, I might perhaps be satisfied, and even flattered by these honours and these attentions; but, unfortunately, I am endued by nature with a heart susceptible of the power of beauty, without the means of attracting the smiles of those who are possessed of it, but in derision. I have a soul formed for the tenderness of love, without the power of raising that passion in the breast of another. If the magic of my tongue, the brilliancy of my wit, and the power of my understanding, have prepossessed those whose affections I would have valued in my favour, my hopes of happiness have been disappointed by the appearance of a coxcomb, whose elegance of form, and gracefulness of behaviour, have seduced the mind on which understanding or knowledge has had little effect. I have lost a mistress by the superior manner in which my rival has danced a minuet; and that heart I have in vain endeavoured to engage, has been won by the ease of a salute.

"Not long ago I paid my addresses to Belinda. In Belinda I thought I had discovered

every requisite that could be desired in woman: beautiful without pride, and witty without volubility, she seemed to possess all the perfections of body which poets have sung, and all the accomplishments of mind which moralists have recommended. From her conduct, I supposed that I had in her discovered a woman, who, superior to the rest of her sex, could look with indifference upon outward appearances; who could despise fops, and disregard flattery.

"Her conversation, which generally repeated the pleasures of sympathy between congenial minds, the vanity of beauty, and the purity of affections disengaged from corporeal considerations, flattered me with hopes that I was not uninteresting to her. If you, Mr. Saunterer, have ever been affected by love, you will not want to be informed how a frown can depress, and a smile can enrapture; my nights passed in dreams of happiness, and my days in representations of future felicity. But let no man trust to the force of a woman's understanding; the sex will still be ruled by caprice and levity; they will always gratify their eyes rather than their minds; they will listen to flattery rather than to truth, and prefer foolishness to wisdom.

"Happening to enter into her breakfast room rather unexpectedly, I saw a young officer seated at the table, and before she had the presence of mind to be silent, I had an opportunity to hear my name *dignified*, by that mouth from which I had never before heard a sentence which did not convey gladness to my heart, with the appellations of "the old fashioned book worm, the aukward creature, and the insufferable fellow."

"However the rest of the world may behave, if the loss of fortune or the unfaithfulness of friends affect us, our misfortunes and our griefs may be alleviated, and we may be enabled to endure them with patience, by the assistance of amusements, and the consolations of philosophy; but what philosophy can enable us to bear with fortitude the scorn of beauty, or what amusements enable us to forget the frowns of the fair sex. The former is ineffectual, and the latter but cause us to regret that our pleasures are enjoyed without participation!

"To a man of sensibility, the society of one in whose heart he can have a place, who can soothe him in the hour of melancholy, and enliven the moment of gaiety, who can sympathize with his joys and his sorrows, must be an

object of desire. But from this felicity I am excluded; and amidst the applauses of the wise and learned I in vain seek for happiness. It is in vain that I reflect upon the superiority of intellectual over corporeal advantages, when I find these powers and that learning, which have employed years of labour to gain and improve them, baffled by arts and accomplishments, which have required to acquire them not the labour of study, but the instructions of a dancing-master.

"I know not, Mr. Saunterer, how many may laugh at the recital of disappointments they do not feel, or mortifications they are in no danger of receiving; but it may prevent those who are in a similar situation from labouring uselessly in pursuits, which can only yield vexation and disappointment.

"I am your's, &c.

"AMORPHOMUS."

No. 8.

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.
HOR. DE ARTE POET.

One that has newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes every hour his wavering mind.
ROSCOMMON.

THERE is nothing which can afford a stronger evidence of the restlessness of human nature, than the anxiety with which we look back upon the days of childhood; days in which we imagine we possessed that happiness we now seek after in vain, and in which wewere free from the cares and sorrows which now oppress us.

Every man, in some part of his life, has represented to himself the period of infancy as a time without care or misery, in which his heart beat with continual rapture; when the sun rose but to raise him to felicity and gladness; when every day but closed to leave room for regret that

t was passed; when he lay down to sleep as a cessation from the fatigue of perpetual pleasure; when his mind was not deformed by passion, and when innocence and artlessness accompanied him.

But what a picture does he form to himself of manhood, of hopes formed but to be disappointed, and schemes planned but to prove abortive? He is oppressed by care and anxiety; his portion of misery exceeds that of happiness; he is continually in fear of disease and poverty; he has to struggle with fraud and violence, and is frequently defeated; his body is a prey to fatigue or lassitude, and his mind the victim of jealousy and envy.

I cannot accuse myself of being an *apathist;* yet these representations have always appeared to me to be visionary. I have never looked back with a lingering look upon the times of my childhood; I have not any reason to believe that my boyish days were more chequered with sadness or grief than those of others, or that I have at present a larger share of happiness than commonly falls to the lot of man; yet, I can thank Providence that I have now gained the eminence of manhood, and that though my path be but unfrequently strewed with roses or myr-

tles, it is free from being rendered troublesome or difficult by thistles or thorns.

Whether mankind, in their more mature years, experience a greater portion of joy or sorrow, of success or calamity, the shortness of my paper will not permit me to examine; but I feel little hesitation in avowing my opinion, that peace and happiness attend the steps of manhood more closely than those of our boyish years.

There is something so congenial to the human mind in the remembrance of past times—times of which we know the return is impossible; we recollect with so much enthusiasm the happiness and pleasure we then experienced, and regard with so little care terrors and griefs which we no longer feel, that it is not wonderful if infancy, in comparison with our present situation, have the advantage.—We place on one side pleasure unalloyed, and on the other sorrow and unhappiness.

But childhood, however it may harrass the imagination of the discontented or unhappy, seems to possess few advantages worthy of a sigh. Were any man indeed asked if he would change his present situation for another, in which he would not be troubled by anxiety for riches, or by the dread of poverty; in which

he would be free from danger or toil, he would perhaps answer "yes;" but if he were at the same time informed, that the sight of an apple would cause him to feel all the torments of desire, and that the loss of a plumb would cloud his brows with vexation; and that he should be under the government of another, who would have an unlimited power of punishing him, he would reject the offer with disdain, and consider the person who proposed it as guilty of malice or folly.

Although a child is in some measure free from the fears and anxieties which affect a man when he has arrived at maturity—although he is not subject to the uncertainties of love, the cares of fortune, or the feebleness of age, yet he experiences miseries, which, though they may appear trifling to one who is acquainted with their causes, affect the mind of the boy with sadness and melancholy.

If we were obliged to labour for years in tasks, of which we could not perceive the use—if we always considered our time and our abilities as employed unprofitably, and only to gratify the passion or the will of others, we should do little but lament the unhappiness of our lot, and waste our lives in endeavouring to shake off the load

which encumbered us. Yet this is the general situation of a child; he sits down every day to an employment which he hates—he regards the school as a prison, and his teacher as his keeper. He is no sooner liberated from his confinement, than the moment is dedicated to playfulness and rapture; but this sport has scarcely begun, till he is again summoned to his study; he again sits down with reluctance—he is again pleased by liberty, and again disappointed by confinement.

Nor is youth without revenge, cunning, or jealousy: when a child has been excelled in play, or surpassed in learning, what envy takes possession of his bosom! Were we to examine into the private annals of a school, we should discover leagues and conspiracies: we should sometimes find its members divided by two chiefs into opposite parties, and sometimes united against their governors;—we should find every one endeavouring to gain his point by menaces or flattery, and such examples of art and intrigue would be disclosed, as would leave us little room to wonder at the scenes which are so common in the more advanced stages of life. If it be urged that the sorrows of a child are transitory; that grief has no sooner affected him, than it is

effaced by gaiety and mirth; that his enmity and his jealousies are soon laid aside, and that he quickly returns to his former ardour and attachment; yet it cannot be forgotten, that his joys are equally fleeting; that as a trifle can elevate, a trifle can depress him; and that every transport of merriment is in danger of being checked by a frown or a reproof.

In youth the more refined pleasures are unknown; we cannot then relax our minds by science or by study. We have few pleasures but those which depend on the season or the weather: those things which are the greatest source of our felicity in our future life, are then regarded with disgust and aversion; we cannot then survey new worlds, and bring the secrets of nature before us: our happiness depends in some degree on our ignorance, and is therefore uncertain and insufficient. We have not then understanding or philosophy to enable us to bear our petty griefs with temper; if passion once siezes us, it is irresistible. The effects of a tale of terror are not checked by reason or resolution; even our improvement depends in a great measure on this principle. If we were directed by our judgment to perceive the futility of the threatenings of our teachers, it would be in vain that the rod was

held over our heads to caution us against falling into error.

If this be a true picture of the state of childhood, the recollection of it may perhaps prevent those who are now overwhelmed with misery, from increasing their burden by regretting imaginary felicity and ease; and they may perhaps be taught by it the necessity of patience, if they but reflect, that the misfortunes under which they now labour, were once equalled by others which are now forgotten, and that as time has obliterated the remembrance of the latter, it will with equal certainty bring us to the period when we will look back on our present troubles with the same indifference.

No. 9.

La facon toujours varie;
D'objets en objets emporte
Je veux imiter sa magie
Que nait de la diversite.—Le Pot Pourri.

To the Author of the Saunterer.

Sir,

"As I perceive that you have not yet condescended to be influenced by me, and that, however you may stand in the opinion of the rest of the world, you are not regarded by the *beauxgarcons* or the ladies, I have taken the trouble to endeavour to convince you, that unless you pay some respect to me, your labour and ingenuity will be useless and vain. But it will be necessary to remind you, that, from the fickleness of my disposition, you must not expect this letter to contain a long chain of arguments, but a jumble of thoughts, without order or connection.

"I need not yield to any one with respect to antiquity; there is some reason to believe that I was not unacquainted with the daughters of Eve when *she* was living, and her descendants did not fail to respect *me*, when they had lost the remembrance of *her*. Every ancient nation, renowned either for arts or politeness, has left some monument of my greatness—from the representation on a statue of the robe of Augustus, to the remains of a buckler of a soldier of Hannibal, or to the tattered remnants of a sandal of Julius Cæsar.

"But you must not imagine that I have no influence upon modern times, or upon more distant nations: I have had equal power over the polished Frenchman and the savage Greenlander: I first instructed the inhabitants of the Friendly islands to distinguish themselves by the whalebone placed in the nostrils: and it was I who first taught the ladies of China, that little feet were necessary to beauty. But the government of those usages, which have become ancient by time, I have left to CUSTOM, who, although he never gains an authority which I have not previously resigned into his hands, yet afterwards curtails the extent of my power, with the rigour of an usurper. My influence, indeed, is

seldom felt by the Asiatics or Africans above once in a century, when I perhaps produce some singular revolution in their ideas or their manners; but the commotion speedily subsides, my power is soon laid asleep, and those who have regarded me sink again into their former sentiments and circumstances. The bigotry of the Turk, the pride of the Spaniard, the coldness of the Russian, and the heaviness of the German, are too great to allow me to flourish in any of their respective nations; even the Frenchman is not so much my slave as he formerly was, except in the government of his country. Under the auspices of Bonaparte it is in vain that I am cherished; for I love not to reside where I can be hurt by oppression, or checked by authority.—It is in England, where every one can execute the whims of his own imagination without fear; where the men are superior to controul, and the women above restraint, that I delight to dwell: my votaries are not here arrested, because their coats are lined with a particular colour, nor are they obliged to forbear going to a theatre, because it is the Emperor's birth-day; a book is not suppressed because it contains novelties, nor a newspaper prohibited because it publishes truth.

"In the beginning of the last century, my female disciples were distinguished by the nakedness of their bosoms, and the height of their head dresses, the feathers of which sometimes equalled in length the rest of the body: I was then the patron of cold formality and clumsy dignity—the gentlemen moved along with an air of state and importance, and the ladies seemed always as if they were casting down their eyes with contempt upon a lover whom they despised. One of your predecessors, however, by his abilities and his wit, succeeded in lowering the height of his countrywomen's heads, and in covering their bosoms: he taught them to substitute ease for constraint, and elegance for majesty. Thanks, however, to the race of Saunterers, one ridiculous form was scarcely condemned, than another sprung up in its place: the ladies of rank were now distinguished by the height of the heels of their shoes, the length of their waists, and the shortness of their petticoats.

"It would be useless to repeat all the varieties of dress and manner, by which those who wished to honour me have been distinguished: my male admirers have sometimes been known by the smallness of their hats, the largeness of

their boots, and the neatness of their spencers; and the ladies have endeavoured to gain my favour by imitating the dress of the men: they have sometimes endeavoured to please me by unnatural restraints, and at others by artificial protuberances.

"I might, Mr. Saunterer, stop here, and leave you to reflect, that you may be the favourite of the ladies, and the friend of the beaux; that you may speedily gain reputation, by flattering any of the foibles I have mentioned; that you may engage the gay in your favour, by descanting upon the advantages of politeness; and secure the smiles of your fair neighbours, by a defence of the practice of *cheek painting*; but there is a larger field in which you may exercise your genius:—you may gain popularity by imitating the *jeux d'esprits* of modern literature, and have your name wafted upon the gale of applause, by parodying the letters of Junius, and applying them to Mr. Pitt. It has been under my patronage that most of the productions of the present day have been ushered into the world, from the poetry of Southey to that of Dellacrusca and Mrs Robinson, and from the novels of Gooch to those of Radcliffe. Plays

without number, although possessed neither of spirit or delicacy, have owed their support to me. I have brought into reputation the nonsense of Darwin, the tameness of Pye, and the absurdity of Lewis. I have inundated the English press with the doleful ditty of Leonora, and the productions of Kotzebue; and I have amused your countrywomen, by introducing translations of the novels of Rousseau, and the romances of Voltaire. The reveries of modern reformers, and the enthusiasm of pretended philosophers, have owed their favourable reception to my good offices. You may perhaps be surprized, Sir, that, while I know these productions are absurd, I patronise them; but you have paid little attention to the world, if you do not know, that I seldom decide according to my judgment; that I am sometimes confounded by boldness, and sometimes corrupted by flattery; notwithstanding, therefore, I perceive the ridiculousness of the claims of those whom I praise, yet I continue my applause, after the pretensions of those who strove for it are condemned.

"By these means my power has become so great, that in the world of dress little attention is paid to decency, when put in competition with

me; and in the republic of learning, the pen of criticism, when in opposition to my opinion, is employed in vain. By my encouragement the ladies will soon return to the nakedness of Eve, and your literature will be only remarkable for obscurity and folly.

"Every succeeding year will probably produce temporary stories and gipsy tales; you will again be astonished by the appearance of Italian horrors and Monkish mysteries, and again be surprised at the attention they receive, and the fame they acquire.

"In literature, however, it has sometimes happened, that my decision has agreed with that of reason. I have not neglected the Pursuits of Literature, or its candid opposers. The poetry of Hayley, and the prose of Godwin, have received from me and from the critics the character of elegant and easy. I have not denied the merit of the Travels of Holcroft, or withheld my approbation of the Materials for Thinking.

"But as the changeableness of my disposition is proverbial, it will not be wonderful if many of those productions which are, and many of those which are not, excellent,

lose my patronage: the time may come, when I will look with equal indifference upon the insipidity of Stockdale and the simplicity of Bloomfield; but I have never given consideration to any work, without at the same time causing its real merits to be discovered.—If you are, therefore, inclined to believe, that your writings contain beauties which have not been remarked, wit which has not been celebrated, or learning which has not been admired, you may attain eminence by flattering my followers—a loose thought, translated from the French, will preserve a Saunterer from oblivion. You may attract the attention of the men, by descanting upon the fickleness and the levity of the women; and please the ladies by dwelling upon the inconstancy and falsehood of the gentlemen; and you may be quoted by every one, if you take care to rail against the luxury, the pride, and laziness of the clergy.—The roguery of lawyers will likewise afford you a copious subject for wit and merriment; and when you are at a loss for matter, you may introduce several entertaining reflections upon the number of people murdered by the faculty. It will be adviseable for you sometimes to

introduce, as if by chance, a quotation which has no connection with your subject; and you may enter with great *eclat* upon the examination of an author you do not understand. If you use these methods to gain notice, I may venture to prophesy, that your reputation will speedily eclipse that of Johnson; that your volumes will stand conspicuous in the library of the beau, the philosopher, and the nobleman; and that you will soon become one of the principal favourites of

FASHION."

No. 10*.

La bella Armida di sua forma altera
E de doni del sesso, e dell etate
L' impresa prende.

TASSO.

Vain of each charm that conscious beauty knows,
Beams from the eye, or o'er the bosom glows,
The great attempt the Virgin burns t' essay.

ANON.

To the Author of the Saunterer.

SIR,

I WAS bred up under the tuition of parents who were universally allowed to be *good sort of people;* my father always took care to make me be attentive at church, and my mother did not fail to teach me the principles of domestic œconomy—to instruct me to delight in assisting her in her schemes of frugality and house-wifery, and to distinguish myself by my industry and diligence.

Thus the early part of my life passed away in that indifference which is natural to those who are not fascinated by the fashionable re-

* Written at 14.

finements of female delicacy. As my age increased, however, I grew less and less the bashful, the unassuming, and the reserved Emily. My ambition was now placed on higher objects than cooking or œconomy, and I imagined that my abilities were better employed at an assembly or a visit, than in making pasties or pickling cucumbers.

In a town like * * * *, where every mind was employed upon business, and where polished society was uncommon, I procured respect and love without possessing dignity or ease. Though I was not then very elegant in dress, or graceful in behaviour, I was considered as the most polite young lady in the place. I had every beau who saw me, dangling after me, and I was the object of pursuit to every man who pretended either to gallantry or taste: it will not appear surprising, therefore, if I thought myself every way accomplished. What could I imagine when every man who addressed me declared, that the elegance of my form was only equalled by the vivacity of my mind, but that I was eminently beautiful and witty? When every tongue informed me that I was the object of admiration and of love, was it not

natural in me to suppose, that I had the power of captivating all who approached me?

As the effects of this attention increased, I grew more uneasy under the restraints which I endured. It was not long before I equalled all my acquaintances in levity, gaiety and thoughtlessness. I soon became sufficiently artful to give hopes to a lover whom I despised, and to discourage one whom I in reality wished to secure. I learned all the mysteries of prudery and coquetry, and managed my address with so much skill, that I at length attained the character of *a professed beauty*.

Such was the manner in which I employed my time when Mercator paid his addresses to me. His person was elegant, his mind not uninformed, and his circumstances good.—I now thought I had an opportunity of gaining a greater degree of liberty and freedom—that the commands of a husband could be obeyed with more readiness than those of a father, and that I could willingly resign the pleasure of attracting universal attention to have the happiness of securing Mercator's love by my beauty and accomplishments.

It was proposed, however, that previous to my marriage, I should take a journey to Lon-

don with an aunt who had visited us for the benefit of her health. With this proposal it will, perhaps, be unnecessary to say I was delighted; for though I was content with the knowledge I possessed, when no other was brought to my remembrance, yet the name of *London* operated like magic. I was oppressed by an anxiety and uneasiness I had never before felt; I pictured to myself the sights I should see, the company into which I should be introduced, and the conquests I should make.

At last the day arrived in which I was to leave, for the first time, the place of my nativity. The carriage arrived at the door, and I leaped into it with such eagerness and joy, that I could scarcely take leave of my parents without impatience. The horses however swift, did not keep pace with my wishes; but at length, after three days of solicitude, I arrived at the place which my imagination had taught me to consider as an Elysium of pleasure and amusement, where little was to be seen in the countenance of any one but happiness and gaiety. I was not a little surprised, however, as the carriage danced through the town, to see every face expressive of business and care, and

to see those employments which I had almost learned to despise, followed here with as much eagerness as at * * * *. My reflections, however, were soon driven away by the brilliancy of the carriages, and the changing of the crowd, and when at last alighted, I confessed that I thought London was *a very fine place.*

As my aunt is one of those beings who are afflicted with imaginary maladies, I could not expect her to introduce me to the circles of politeness and gentility; but I was informed that my cousins would be in town in a little time, and that I should be conducted by them to the society of the fashionable and the gay. Shall I confess, Mr. Saunterer, that this intelligence gave me additional satisfaction; I figured to my imagination the despair of my young relations at the superiority of their cousin, and how much I should be gratified by their confession of my claim to pre-eminence in every female accomplishment.

My mother, with that attention to œconomy which had always characterized her, had provided me with dresses suitable to my fortune; I therefore had no doubt that I should, by that elegance and taste which every one ad-

mired at * * * *, as well as by the splendour of my appearance, eclipse the gayest ladies of the metropolis. I flattered myself with hopes that I should be able to attract the attention of every man of rank or fortune, and to excite jealousy in the bosom of every female, however distinguished by beauty.

Filled with these expectations, I repaired, (such was my impatience) to the theatre, with no other attendant than the servant I had brought with me from the country.

You, Mr. Saunterer, will perhaps have experienced the mixture of elevation and depression which we feel when we are expecting our actions to be the object of curiosity to every one; and you will not be surprised that I felt some degree of embarrassment upon entering the boxes. I expected every eye would be fixed upon me, and that I should be the object of attention and assiduity, not only to the sprightly and the young, but to every one who took delight in receiving the smile of what I imagined myself to be, a woman of fashion.

I was indeed gratified by every eye being directed towards me, but when I had recovered the presence of mind to look up, I thought some other expression was visible in every coun-

tenance, than admiration or envy. I observed that signs and glances passed from one side of the box to the other, and that all who were present seemed to have found an object for merriment. I imagined, (as I could not perceive the cause of such an universal emotion) that the audience had discovered some object which lay out of my sphere of observation. But I was not long deceived; the manner of the smiling and moving of fans among the ladies, and the suppressed laugh among the gentlemen, convinced me that I was the object of their ridicule. It was not till now that, with a mixture of mortification and astonishment, I perceived that none of the ladies who were present had a dress similar to mine; that my feather extended about two feet above my hat, while those of the rest of the ladies were dwindled to one fourth of the size—that I wore a vest which was not in the *mode*—that my ear-rings were considered as unfashionable; and, in short, that my dress afforded to every one a subject for wit and sarcasm.

As this was a circumstance of which I had no idea, and as I had formed hopes of universal conquest, the disappointment affected me severely. I hurried home to my aunt in tears, and

made a resolution not to appear again in public till I had every thing in the fashionable style: this was soon accomplished; I again revived my spirits, and again set off upon the work of destruction, to an assembly. I will not relate the incidents that occurred in the course of the evening, but will merely observe, that I was again mortified. I had not learned the town method of dancing. I was assured that the steps I used had been long ago forgotten by every well bred person; and it was hinted that I had probably learned them from some master who had never visited the metropolis. My pride was now completely destroyed, and I resolved to seclude myself till I acquired every London accomplishment: I therefore hired teachers and instructors, and soon qualified myself, with the assistance of my cousins, (who had returned to town, and who were perfectly polite) to dance a *la François*, and to sing a *la Italiano*, to move my body with inimitable ease, and to handle my fan with graceful negligence. I have been taught to place my *parasole* in the most favourable manner for displaying my beauty. I have learned when to practise the glance of coldness and disdain, and when to encourage by a deceitful smile. I can now trip along with carelessness and grace—I can

speak without meaning, and dance without aukwardness.

But you must not imagine, that while I have thus improved my behaviour and appearance, I have neglected the culture of my mind: No! all the maxims which my papa and mamma endeavoured to impress upon my memory, are now (thanks to the relations into whose hands I have fallen) forgotten, I am now taught that love does not add to the happiness of matrimony; that for the old fashioned ingredients of affection and obedience, I must substitute indifference and freedom; that while my husband is tortured with jealousy, it must be my pride to have a number of admirers at my *toilette*. I am advised to marry a batchelor worn down with years, rather than a man in the bloom and vigour of youth; as the impotency of the one will draw towards me the attention and the officiousness of men who will, by their company, obliterate the remembrance of feebleness and age; but the heat of the other will excite him to revenge any attack upon his honour or his happiness.

Thus improved, I turn with disgust from the recollection of my contract with Mercator. I intend exposing those charms which have formerly been thrown away in the littleness of a

country town, as a signal to excite the malice of the women, and the love of the men: to pass away the time in a round of perpetual amusement, and to captivate the gay, the fashionable, and the great; till at length, when I have sickened with pleasure, and have engaged the heart of a man whose fortune and rank will satisfy my ambition, I may return in splendour and riches to dazzle the eyes of my former intimates, and to raise wonder and emulation in the bosoms of my less fortunate townswomen.

EMILY HOPEFUL.

London, Sept. 1804.

No. 11.

Το προσαγμα και το επιτηδευμα κινειν και μεταθειμι το μη καλως καθεστως.——ISOCRAT.

Remove and change those laws and customs which have not been rightly established.

THAT every exertion ought to be used to encourage the virtuous and check the vicious, and that those who are employed in drawing men from irreligion to piety ought to be chosen only with respect to their qualifications and abilities,

are propositions of which the truth immediately convinces the mind; and were we unacquainted with the reality, we should naturally imagine, that they would have some influence upon our selection of those who are intrusted with the guardianship of the morals of their fellow creatures; and that none would be distinguished by the title of a PRIEST, but those who were eminent for their accomplishments and their usefulness, as well as for their learning or their talents.

But I am afraid that, upon a strict examination, it will appear too evident, that those who exercise the duty of a preacher, can seldom give a proof of their having been selected for their merit or their worth; but that some other motive than zeal for religion has been the stimulus by which those, who have had it in their power, have been induced to establish or promote those who have applied to them. We shall, perhaps, discover that the office of priest is too often sported with, like that of an exciseman; and that, if there be any difference, it is, that those who are appointed to fill the latter are admitted with greater difficulty, and are more circumspectly examined, than those who are candidates for the former.

There is nothing which can afford a stronger evidence of the want of discipline in our religious institutions, than the number of the members of our church, who are, by some impediment in their utterance, prevented from convincing, or persuading us by their eloquence. When a preacher can speak his native language with fluency and justness, the force of rhetoric and the grace of action are but secondary assistants; and it ought surely, therefore, to be required, that all who attempt to do the good which might be reasonably expected, should have at least a tolerable decency of delivery, and have no peculiarity of speech, which might affect the minds of an audience with merriment or laughter.

Yet a person unacquainted with our manners, would, when he entered our churches, naturally form the idea, that our priests were chosen for their singularities and absurdities; that he was the most honoured, who could display the greatest improprieties of language; and that the few who spake like the rest of mankind, had obtained their situations by accident, and were secured by the smallness of their number from being molested or disgraced.

Those to whom the promotion or establishment of clergymen principally belongs, seem

rather to require testimonials of their learning than of their understanding: they forget that a man may be learned without being intelligent, and may be qualified to explain the properties of a Greek particle, without being able to expound a precept of christianity. It will, indeed, upon a minute enquiry, appear, that it is useless to examine how far a candidate for orders is a proficient in Greek or Hebrew: for if it be intended that the knowledge of these tongues ought to be applied to the study of the sacred writings in their originals, yet it may probably be proved that this intention is frustrated, as it will be difficult to produce many who make this use of their time, whatever may be their qualifications or their talents. Nor does it appear that learning excites that respect for an established clergyman which might be expected. Are the members of the church of England more reverenced by their parishioners than those of the Dissenters, most of whom have comparatively neglected the languages? No: the former, it is true, may excite admiration; but admiration seldom indicates reverence or love; it may make us consider its object as superior in talents to the multitude, but it will not cause us to attend his recommendation of the piety, the virtue, and the charity of christians.

I would not wish to have it understood, that I mean by these remarks to insinuate that learning in a clergyman is unnecessary; but the principle I wish to support is, that we ought to pay more attention to natural than to acquired accomplishments: The latter may gratify the pride or vanity of their possessor, and may raise envy in some, and respect in others, but the former, while they secure the respectability of the individual, impress a sense of all that is good and honourable upon the minds of multitudes: The man who is eminent for adventitious acquisitions, may be considered as a master to whom we may look up; but the man who is remarkable for natural excellencies, is regarded as a friend, who can not only advise us in perplexities, but assist us in difficulties.

If no inferior power *will*, the Legislature *ought* to pay some attention to a grievance so enormous. It ought to be recollected, that the security of happiness hereafter to millions of human beings depends upon their being by persuasion incited to virtue, and by argument deterred from wickedness; and that without an easy elocution, persuasion cannot be employed, and argument is ineffectual. This strictness, indeed, and this rigour of selection, may have

its inconveniences, and some may consider the examination of a man's enunciative powers as without delicacy; but want of delicacy is of no weight when put in competition with the happiness of nations, and want of convenience is but a poor excuse for neglecting any effort which may conduce to the felicity of mankind.

It ought to be considered, that by the facility with which we admit men into the church, we increase the number of candidates; for when it is perceived that failings are overlooked, and that our churches are frequently governed by men who are totally void of an impressive manner of delivery, no man is checked by the consciousness of his own defects from aiming at the same eminence; but were we to observe with scrupulousness the peculiarities of every one who aimed at the dignity of a clergyman, no one who suspected his own deficiencies would hazard going through a course of study, or employing himself in labours which might be ultimately useless. We should then find theological learning only studied by those who were possessed of other acquirements, and have the satisfaction of seeing those who, were we less rigorous, might be useless or injurious to the community, acting in spheres in which they might receive honour and applause.

The man who attempts to leave any impression on an audience, ought to have an elocution melodious, but not effeminate; bold, but not coarse; energetic, but not violent: he ought not to disgust by affected vehemence, or to dissatisfy by insipidity or coldness: His action (if I may mention it) ought to display the confidence of a man who is conscious of the power of the being he represents, of the dignity of his office, and the importance of his mission.

But the common class of preachers present a striking contrast to this picture. In voice, coarse and unintelligible;—sometimes, by their sing song, mimicking the hum of a bagpipe, and at others approaching to the bellowing of madmen. In their manner, imitating the behaviour of a criminal at the bar of justice, who, conscious of guilt, dare not look in the face of his judges; or, looking upon their congregations with the eye of scorn, the front of impudence, and the countenance of stupidity, producing by their dullness or apathy the effects attributed to the elder tree, of lulling all who sit beneath its shade to sleep or forgetfulness.

But if the neglect of the subjects I have mentioned dishonours the community, there is one indiscretion which clergymen are very generally

guilty of, which can disgrace only the individual who falls into it:—Many of those who have passed, by their diligence and their talents, through a life of honour and reputation, unwilling to believe that their powers are weakened, or their abilities decreased, continue their exertions till they lose in age that popularity they have gained in the strength of manhood, and till at length their congregations are only affected by hearing them with lassitude and weariness.

Should our religious policy be regulated by the principles of experience, we may hope for some success in reforming the principles, and amending the hearts of mankind; but should it be neglected, and those who assemble in our churches be doomed to pass their time in drowsiness and slumber, what can we expect, but that the nation become only remarkable for its inclination to vice, and its hatred of virtue and of honour; that our taverns be frequented by the votaries of drunkenness, and our streets by harlots; and that, after the generation which is now passing away is forgotten, the one which succeeds it, and which has been brought up under its instructions, will again return to the infidelity of Heathens, that our public places be

ornamented with idols, and that our churches be converted into temples dedicated to the worship of Priapus.

Such forebodings as these are too frequently regarded as the productions of romantic enthusiasm; but we surely are not in danger of exaggerating, by any representation we can give, the consequences which may arise from the want of energy in our recommendation of religion: Nor can we pretend to estimate in our minds the changes which may be caused by the want of warmth in our ministers, when we perceive that the downfal of empires, and the rise of nations, have frequently been caused by causes comparatively small—causes, the effects of which had any one possessed the power and inclination to foretel, he would have been considered as one who was led into folly by the fervour of his imagination, or who loved to sport with the fear and credulity of his fellow creatures.

If I have therefore seemed to hazard ideas which are too bold, or to have pointed out error which cannot be corrected, I shall only observe, in excuse for my temerity, that with zeal for my religion, yet with respect for its ministers, I should have held myself culpable, had I concealed my opinions on such a subject, through the dread of resentment or the hope of favour.

No. 12.

Frange miser calamos, vigilitaque prælia dele,
Qui facis in parva sublimia carminâ cellâ
Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macrâ
Spes nulla ulterior. JUV. SAT. 7.

IMITATED.

Your pen destroy'd, and all your wars forgot,
Make all your works an universal blot;
Your wealth is empty praise, an ivy crown
Or a poor statue, and a starv'd renown,
Hope not for more. ANON.

AN author has always been justly considered as a man to whom poverty and inconvenience are familiar. He is by one part of the world, looked upon with contempt, as a being who possesses pride without the means of justifying it; and by the other, as one who assumes an importance he is not capable of supporting. He is despised by the rich, as claiming an equality which they are not willing to grant; and hated by the poor, as aiming at a superiority to which he is not entitled. He is viewed with jealousy by the great, and with envy by the mean; by the one, as impertinent enough to place intellectual in competition with hereditary advantages; and by the other, as wishing to elevate himself above them, without giving sufficient proofs of his right to do so from his birth, his fortune, or his rank.

If we take a survey of the lives of those who have been obliged to employ their pen as a means of subsistence, or of acquiring riches, we shall discover how far the profession of an author has been from answering either of these purposes: how many men have passed through years of poverty and domestic inconveniences, while their works have been yielding rapture to thousands who would not, in return, have saved their author from a prison: how many have been almost perishing under the pressure of penury, and how few have succeeded, by their labours, to secure a competency in old age, or to acquire a reasonable reward for their diligence or their labour.

Those who have *not only* reached the eminence of learning, but have likewise stood foremost in honours and in wealth, have generally owed their advancement to other causes than their respectability as authors; and have been raised to dignity and to riches by connections, and by interest, rather than by their literary abilities. Addison, by his address, and a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, could attain the rank of a minister; but Johnson, without connections or address, after years of labour and solicitude, was obliged to grasp at a pension,

comparatively contemptible, without attaining the elevation of the statesman, or the independence of the gentleman. Even the intimacy of men of superior fortune or rank (an intimacy which is seldom granted to other men) is frequently one of the most disagreeable attendants upon the life of an author. He who is treated as a companion or a friend by his superiors, is not in an enviable situation; he feels a constraint which his reason cannot enable him to shake off, and is perpetually familiarized to scenes of splendor, elegance, and refinement, when he is by his fortune condemned to obscurity and indigence. Such a situation as this cannot surely be pleasing to any man; little delight can be received from pleasures for which we are indebted to the kindness of others, which every moment threatens us with losing, and which continually remind us of our own insignificance.

But though an author is subject to the contempt of the proud, and the derision of the ignorant; though he cannot by his merit gain *personal* dignity or honour, and is seldom gratified by independence; yet he may (unlike those who are engaged in other pursuits) stand in the class of those who have by their genius or their

talents distinguished themselves above the rest of mankind, without performing actions, the remembrance of which can raise in his bosom the horrors of compunction; and he may have his name wafted to distant ages, without becoming the opposer of virtue, or the encourager of vice. He is not obliged to flatter or delude; to court reputation by insinuation and by falsehood; to lie, to cheat, or to deceive; he may rest assured, that the object he desires will be gained by probity and by candour, rather than by dissimulation or treachery. He is not, like the warrior, obliged in his pursuit of fame to wade through the blood of millions, to plunder cities, or to ruin nations; he can rise to eminence without murdering the innocent, or terrifying the weak; without having reason, amidst the pomp of triumph, to reflect with remorse upon the numbers he has slain, or the multitudes he has ruined: nor has he, like the politician, to put on the appearance of cordiality while he meditates destruction; he is not compelled to form contracts which are not intended to be regarded, to employ every disingenuous means of preventing the attempts of others to preserve their liberty or their honour, to wear continually the mask of hypocrisy, to smile on

him he hates, or to affect kindness for the man against whom he is meditating vengeance.

An author may recollect, that his fame will only be durable in proportion to his regard to virtue; that it will be vain to employ the powers of learning or of wit in the cause of wickedness or folly; that if his pages be tinctured with irreligion and obscenity, the beauties which may be discovered in them will be discovered in vain. They may indeed rise for a moment under the protection of the licentious and the profligate, but it will too soon be found, that every moment brings them nearer to the gulph which has swallowed up the prose of Voltaire, and the poetry of Rochester.

If he wishes, therefore, his volumes to support their character through the revolutions of time and of opinion, a respect to decency, and a reverence for religion must be the characteristic of his writings: he need not be afraid that his fame will be the less, because he has gained it without artifice or violence; or that his works will be neglected, because they do not produce excuses for folly, or arguments for wickedness.

The politician, the warrior, and the actor, are all personally exposed to the scrutiny of the

world; their actions are the object of every eye, and they are placed in too conspicuous a light to be able totally to elude observation; if they acquit themselves negligently or unskilfully, they cannot flee from disgrace; but a writer can endeavour to gain notice by his abilities, without exposing himself to be mortified by ridicule; if the public treat his performance with contempt, he can remain in his original obscurity; he has the chance of gaining immortality without exposing himself by a failure to be pointed at by the finger of derision; he can remark in solitude the progress of his works, and if *they* receive the tribute of admiration, *he* can burst from behind the cloud which conceals him.

If we re-examine the remarks I have laid down, we shall perhaps discover some sentiments which it would be well if the majority of our writers regarded.—We ought surely to use argument, rather than declamation, against the foolish; and however we may be provoked by their stupidity, to oppose them with moderation and candour. Yet we cannot help observing how many of the authors of the present day endeavour by a literary persecution, rather than by reasoning, to defeat those who have the hardihood to oppose them in opinion. It is on this

principle, and on this alone, that I condemn some of the most celebrated productions in the English language, and among the rest, the Pursuits of Literature. With respect to the latter work, after I have said, that, in my opinion, it displays an erudition which has seldom been equalled; a strong and elegant style, and a forcible and easy versification; that it captivates the fancy, while it convinces the understanding, and supports sentiments which do honour to human nature; it surely cannot be imagined that I am prejudiced against it; yet I cannot help wishing that its author had betrayed a less outrageous spirit of indignation against those who professed principles of which he could not give his approval: it surely would have strengthened his cause, and have added to his honour, had he merely stated the facts which appeared against his opponents, without loading them with epithets they may not deserve. Although little defence can be made for the disregard which *Peter Pindar* shews for rank and morality, yet it does not justify the author of the Pursuits of Literature, when he brands him with the title of *execrable;* nor does the contempt which Mr. M. expresses for the writings of Godwin, prove, that his arguments are futile, or his opinions erroneous.

No. 13.

Præterea castum ingenium, vultumque modesto
Sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benigna
Larga manu: (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
Natura ?) Juv.

Besides should nature in her kindest mood
Bestow *th' ingenuous flush of modest blood,*
The disposition chaste as unsunn'd snow,
(And what can nature more than these bestow ?)
Gifford.

THERE is one accomplishment which has been allowed by those who have looked with a scrutinizing eye upon the manners of the world, to increase the interest which the young are able to excite, to give additional force to the charms of beauty, and to add to the lustre of those who are possessed of learning. It has sometimes succeeded in giving to plainness the attractions of beauty, and to ignorance the dignity which generally accompanies knowledge; and has, by its power, preserved folly from contempt, rank from envy, and virtue

from ridicule. It might naturally be supposed, that any thing which possessed such recommendations as these, would be the favorite of the fair, the wealthy, and the great; and that all would consider it as worthy of their attention and their time. But when it is recollected that this accomplishment is MODESTY, it will at the same time be remembered that the ignorant despise, and the learned neglect it; that the beautiful think it unworthy of their regard, and the homely complain that it is useless.

A *superficial* observer of the world might indeed imagine that modesty does not procure the regard which is gained by a contrary behaviour; but though this may be particularly true, it is generally false, and we shall perhaps find, upon a nearer view of mankind, that modesty is more successful in the general commerce of the world than impudence or assurance.

The ridiculers of modesty may, it is true, assert, that its followers do not possess that easy address which is the attendant upon the man who pays it no attention; that they who despise it, can acquit themselves without con-

fusion in every situation; that they are not liable to have their excellencies disregarded; and that they do not, like the reserved or the unassuming, suffer their talents to lie hid in unmerited obscurity. But though the impudent and the bold are frequently successful in forming intimacies, and are sometimes able to distinguish themselves in situations in which the modest are not able to appear, and though their talents are frequently displayed where those of a man with less confidence would be unnoticed; yet, even in these cases, modesty has an evident superiority; and, in private life, if it do not produce unexpected familiarity, yet, it seldom fails to secure a friendship solid and satisfactory, to steal upon the affections and to procure esteem.

But the regard which is granted to impudence is not that of affection; it is rather the regard which we have for another, because he seems to claim, and we know not how to deny it, than that which is excited by union of sentiment; it seldom extends to actual services, or to a return of good offices, but is generally evaporated in professions, and ceases with the presence of its object. But the intimacy which is procured by the modest is generally lasting:

if it be not suddenly formed, it is durable and strong; it is not weakened by trifles, nor lessened by absence. There is something naturally disagreeable to the human mind in assurance and forwardness; from him who is possessed of great talents, (however he may display them, and however he may be admired,) every one with-holds his praises, if he appears to be conscious of them. From the man who seems by his conversation and behaviour to tell us that he ought to be respected for his knowledge and abilities, we turn with disgust; we cannot persuade ourselves to increase the pride of one who is already elevated by self importance, and whose address seems to indicate that he is conscious of being our superior, and that he has little doubt of his own attractions. But the man who, beneath the garb of modesty, conceals excellencies, is respected in proportion, when they are discovered: We willingly give attention to him who seems not to claim it, nor do we hesitate in expressing our admiration of the man who does not appear to be conscious of deserving it—It is true, that by ignorance, boldness may be mistaken for a justifiable consideration of our dignity as men, and modesty for a consciousness of our own

insignificance; but he who trusts to ignorance for advantage or applause, will be disappointed of the one, and uncertain of the other.

If we examine the biography of those men who have not by intrigue or by commerce, but merely by their accomplishments and by their knowledge, been exalted above the rest of the world, we shall discover that a becoming diffidence did not hide their value, nor depress their fortunes; and that many who could not enter a drawing-room without confusion, have been respected by the wealthy, and caressed by the great—have been honoured during their lives, and been immortalized after death.

It cannot, indeed, be denied, that there are some instances of those who have pleased the world, having been proud and overbearing; but it is not unreasonable to imagine, that if they had displayed equal arrogance before their agreeable qualities had been celebrated, they would have remained in obscurity, without admirers and without friends; and that if they had added to their other accomplishments that of modesty, their powers of delighting, however great, would have been increased, and their fame, however universal,

would have been extended. It must likewise be recollected, that it falls to the lot of few to be capable, by the merit of their conversation, of compensating for the disgust which may be excited by their pride or their dogmatism. All who are eminent for their political abilities, do not possess the attractions of a *Fox;* nor is every man who creates admiration by his literary talents, able to equal the colloquial eloquence of *Johnson.*

The man who is remarkable for his want of modesty, is known to all, but beloved by few: Every man he meets salutes him, and every company into which he enters, treats him as a friend with whom all have long been familiar; his jests create a smile, and his opinions are attended to. But view him in social life, amongst those whom every man would wish to call his friends; he is treated by all with coldness and disrespect, hated by many, and reverenced by none. — These effects, it is true, may depend on other circumstances; he may be looked on with contempt for his ignorance, and with disgust for his vulgarity; but it will not be difficult to prove that both might have been in a great measure

overlooked, had he paid some regard to modesty.

It will, perhaps, be unnecessary to recommend to the ladies an accomplishment which the universal consent of mankind has pronounced to be absolutely necessary to the perfection of a female, and which adds so much to her attraction. What expression does it not give to her countenance, what dignity to her mien, and propriety to her demeanour? How severe it renders her frown; how enchanting her smile; and how becoming her freedom! With it, a plain woman can please, a witty one can enrapture, and a beautiful one delight: Without it, the homely are disgusting, the witty disagreeable, and the beautiful contemptible.

No. 14.

Jan. 1, 1805.

——*Sed cum lux altera venit*
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus.

PERS. SAT. 5.

——To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
Till the last syllable of recorded time;
And still our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death.——

SHAKESPEARE.

THE period has again arrived, which brings to our remembrance the rapidity of time and the slowness of improvement; which reminds us of designs that have not been executed, and of resolutions which have been broken. We can now recollect, that the commencement of the last year brought with it the same sensations as the commencement of the present; that we looked forward with the hope, that it would in its course bring with it some relief from the troubles which affected us, and that we expected at its conclusion to be able to boast of having triumphed over every difficulty and temptation.

But while we bring these expectations to our remembrance, we may perhaps feel that many of them have been disappointed, that the evils we formerly complained of have been rendered little lighter by time, and that many opportunities of improvement have been suffered to pass before us in inattention and indifference.

But these reflections, however mortifying, will not be without their use, if those who have been obliged to indulge them be led to consider how much of their misery and disappointment has been caused by their own folly and want of prudence; how many of their hours of pain and sorrow have owed their origin to the revels of debauchery; how small a compensation a moment of vicious rapture has afforded for days or months pined away upon the bed of sickness; or how little proportion the pleasure received from unbounded extravagance bears to the prospect of poverty and ruin.

He too, who has neglected the cultivation of his mind, who has dedicated those hours to idleness and vice, which might have been honourably and usefully employed in the retirement of study; who has been seduced by every new allurement of pleasure, to forget the labour and the perseverance which are necessary for im-

provement; may probably be brought by the commencement of another year, to reflect how many of those moments, which had they been properly employed, would have elevated him a degree higher in the scale of intellectual excellence, have been wasted in frivolousness and trifling; and that, while he feels regret for his idleness, he should endeavour with every effort to resume his career with new activity.

The man who has now little to remember but misery, and who looks back upon a year spent in sorrow and unhappiness, may reap some advantage from his reflections, if he be at the same time led to consider, how many of the troubles he has looked upon as unsupportable and undeserved, have been caused by his own wickedness or folly. He may, by the recollection, be warned to avoid rocks which have before deceived, and to shun pleasures which have formerly allured him.

To all, indeed, the return of a day like this ought to be useful: it may teach the avaricious man generosity, and the proud humility: it may encourage the unfortunate to look forward with hope, and teach the successful to moderate their transport. But the only man who can contemplate with unmixed pleasure and gratitude

the swiftness of time, is he who has employed the days which have passed before him profitably and usefully; who has not, for a scene of wantonness, been induced to neglect the duties and accomplishments which do honour to the dignity of man: who has finished the year which has closed with a mind unclouded with the remembrance of guilt; and who can now review with pleasure the scene which has passed before him, as one in which he has acted his part with propriety and honour.

For my own part, I may, perhaps, without being accused of vanity, assert, that I can look with a degree of real pleasure upon the latter part of the preceding year; as convincing me, that I am not in danger of losing the patronage of the public, because I have sedulously *endeavoured* to avoid the aid of false wit, and to employ my pen in the cause of morality and of truth. My writings have received attention in proportion to the care with which I have endeavoured to preserve their purity. I have pleased those whom I wished to please,—the candid and the virtuous.

Whether, however, in my literary labours, I neglect the advice which I recommend to others, and fall into insipidity, through a false con-

fidence in the favour of the public, or in my own powers; or, on the other hand, consider the approbation with which I have been received as a stimulus to new exertions; and whether I become so much elevated by success, as to imagine my writings are without faults, or consider my defects but as new incitements to correctness, the course of the succeeding year will perhaps sufficiently shew; but I have not at present much reason to doubt, that when I have finished my undertaking, I shall have some reason to look back upon it with satisfaction, and to congratulate myself upon having in some measure diverted the public taste from nonsense and vulgarity, to relish the volumes of the Spectator and the Rambler.

At a time like this, indeed, all who have formerly been disgusted or offended may be easily softened: those who have hitherto read my paper with weariness, and laid it down with contempt, may, when I wish them a *happy new year*, relax their features into a smile; and many, who have formerly differed with me in opinion, may agree with me in the hope, that the year which we have commenced may be more worthily employed than the year which

has passed. Such an opportunity as this, therefore, in which I may, with some chance of success, endeavour to gain the favour of the rigid and the attention of the indolent, ought not to be neglected; and I therefore request those who have discovered imperfections, to bear them with patience, as natural to every human undertaking; and those who perceive beauties, to consider them as promises of superior ones hereafter.

No. 15.

Les bienseances, are a most necessary part of the knowledge of the world. CHESTERFIELD.

As communication with his fellow-creatures is, when properly employed, one of the chief sources of happiness to man, it might naturally be expected that our care to make it as agreeable as possible would be unwearied; that the intercourse which we held with each other would in some measure tend at once to delight and to refine, and that while we endeavoured to pass away

an hour in the company of our intimates, we would strive to do it in a manner which might entertain for the moment, and leave behind it something pleasing for future reflection. But that such expectations as these will far oftener be disappointed than gratified, every company into which we are introduced, may sufficiently convince us. Hour after hour, and day after day, are spent in a manner which can only yield disgust and astonishment. Our meetings of friendship produce little but dissatisfaction and regret. We pass those opportunities, which, were they properly improved, might add to our pleasure and our instruction, in drunkenness or folly, in formal civility, or indecent rudeness. We cannot but observe that a conversation which can administer real satisfaction is scarcely to be found; that the circles of friendship, or of gaiety, are seldom the places in which we can be *delighted* by the sense, the vivacity, or the judgement of those who frequent them; and that we seldom can leave them without feeling that we have spent the time amidst dulness or nonsense; amidst those whom the pride of learning has disabled from adding to the entertainment of others, or with those who have rendered them-

selves ridiculous by their stupidity or their ignorance.

To prescribe rules by which to regulate the conduct in conversation, so as to render it agreeable and polite, can only be useful to those who have committed violent outrages against good manners and good sense; to endeavour to teach the more delicate graces of the polite companion, would lead us into absurdity. The ease of the gentleman must be gained by attention; and the vivacity of the wit must be inherited from nature; but in correcting the foolish or the rude, advice may perhaps be effectual. Never to speak on a topic we do not understand, is a caution which ought to be regarded by the man who wishes to shine in conversation. We may by chance persuade our companions to believe that we are masters of a subject of which we are ignorant, but surely such a *chance* as this ought not to induce us to hazard the disgrace which might ensue upon our failure; and we ought to recollect, that, as we seldom have occasion to speak but in the presence of those who will hear us hereafter, should the same subject again be introduced by one who can detect our mistakes and our ignorance, we shall be treated with contempt by those who have formerly

admired us for knowledge of which we are not possessed.

It is likewise necessary for him who wishes to acquit himself with honour, that he should preserve his temper amidst every argument or opinion which may be advanced in his company. To treat those with whom we converse with rudeness, is surely not a method of persuading them that we are in the right; besides, when we call the ideas which are opposite to our own, ridiculous and absurd, we forget that ours are perhaps equally foolish in the opinion of others, and that, by venturing to condemn him who opposes us, we become a judge in our own cause. We have so great a partiality for the sentiments we have uttered, however ridiculous they may be, that our self-love is alarmed at the exposure of their absurdity, and we become too much interested for our own honour to judge with impartiality of the arguments of our antagonist. Nor should we, if we wish to make ourselves agreeable, betray a wish to engross all the conversation. If we appear impatient when others are addressing themselves to the company, we lose that respect after which we are seeking, and are despised or hated in proportion to the capacities of our companions.

But while we perceive the necessity of preserving good humour and ease in conversation, we ought not, on the other hand, to let society sink into a mere interchange of civility and politeness. While we strive not to offend, we ought not to neglect endeavouring to please; while we are careful to preserve decency, we should strive to promote a reciprocity of entertainment and delight.

Our common visiting parties display a strange mixture of politeness and insipidity, of scandal and humour, of conjecture and remark. While the gentlemen descant over the bottle upon the goodness of the wine and the severity of the weather, the ladies discuss the propriety of the manner in which Miss A. led down a ball, or condemn the aukwardness with which Miss B danced a minuet; and dwell upon the characters of their absent friends with as much dissatisfaction and severity, as upon their dress. In the drawing-room every one wastes his time in enquiring whether Mr. A. did not deserve the title of a *coward* for fighting with the knowledge that his antagonist's pistol was not loaded, and whether the *courage* of Mr. B. ought not to be called *rashness*, and his *forbearance*, *folly*: and among the ladies at the tea-table, the time is occupied by enquiries concerning routs and assemblies; about the fashion

of a gown, and the value of an ear-ring. In endeavouring, however, to avoid this trifling, and to elevate conversation to that dignity which it ought to possess, many expose their ignorance and their pedantry, and some in their eagerness to display their learning, change an assembly of friends into a society of philosophers.

There is no practice more ridiculous, or at the same time more common, than that of introducing into discourse allusions to the mythology, or quotations from the languages of the ancients. Every company into which we enter affords us examples of men who can scarcely speak their native language with propriety, pretending to be captivated with the ease of Horace, or the vigour of Juvenal; or to admire the sublimity of Homer, and the fire of Pindar. Every blockhead imagines that in mentioning the power of Love, a sentence from Ovid will assist his rhetoric; and every admirer of the fair sex can pronounce "*Lalagen amabo dulce ridentem.*"

To quote the words of an English author in common conversation, if it be not too frequently practised, is agreeable and amusing; it adds to the warmth of real discourse, the charm of

elegance, and the vivacity of wit: but when we introduce a sentence from a Sallust or a Cicero, we do not reflect that there may be in our company many who do not understand the language we are using, and that they will consider our display of learning as a tacit reproach of their ignorance.

Though pedantry is generally the attendant on ignorance, yet it is not uncommon to see men of real learning and knowledge falling into a very absurd species of it: What I allude to is, the practice of disregarding all conversation which is not literary: The usual social *chit chat* is to many of them insupportable; they wonder what pleasure and improvement a human being can receive from talking about the common affairs of life, and return in a hurry from the company of an English matron, to meditate on the warmth of Cleopatra or the chastity of Lucretia. To men who have long been used to consider themselves as acting more reasonably and wisely than the rest of mankind, I doubt my advice will be of little use; but I cannot help thinking, that even a philosopher may sometimes forget the pages of Tacitus, to partake of the comfort of an English fire-side, and to discourse upon subjects which are level to every

understanding, without wasting his time or lessening his dignity.

Yet however disgusting we may imagine the pedant or the babbler to be, there is another species of beings whom I must distinguish by the appellation of the *smokers;* who are, in the comparison, contemptible, and who ought to be driven from that society which they are too pompous or too selfish to amuse. These men display their importance, or satisfy their curiosity, by remaining in silence amidst the hilarity of mirth and the heat of reasoning, and seem by their behaviour to be anxious to improve by the remarks of others, or to gain that respect by taciturnity which they are afraid their conversation will not procure them. But he who expects to reap greater advantage from commenting in silence upon the opinion of others than from introducing his own, will be disappointed. It is by our own enquiries, and by expressing our own ideas, and hearing the observations which *they* produce, that we receive the greatest pleasure and amusement. There are few men who, when they hear an argument produced, do not wish to attack or support it, or who, when they hear the roar of merriment, do not wish to join in it, unless they are biassed by their pride

or their misanthropy. Nor can any improvement we can receive atone in the opinion of others for our singularity and selfishness. While we try by silence either to employ our time well, or to preserve respect, we only mispend our hours, and lose the affection of our companions. If we wish to gain amusement without being willing to descend to familiarity with others, or are conscious that we are not qualified to please by our conversation, we ought to relinquish the society of men for the company of books, and to retire into solitude as a shelter from disgrace.

I have intended these remarks for that miscellaneous conversation which occurs in the middle stations of life. The etiquette of an assembly precludes variety, as the plainness of commercial discourse destroys animation. In a feast of joy we can only assist in promoting mirth, and in a society of *literati*, it is only necessary to display our learning. While we endeavour to engage the smile of beauty, we may pay our court in the language of love; and amidst our families, custom and nature will teach us propriety of behaviour and discourse: but in the usual conversation of mankind, our knowledge is agreeable, and our vigilance is necessary.

No. 16.

[The two following Papers are the *substance* of a speech which was intended to be spoken at a meeting of an Association for the Encouragement of the Industrious Poor.

OF those absurdities in the conduct of mankind which have employed the pen of the satyrist, or perplexed the mind of the philosopher, none is more remarkable than the inclination which every man displays to abuse his power over the weak, and to oppress the defenceless. Our avarice of power is increased by possession, and our insolence becomes more insupportable by being gratified. To those who are above our support, and who despise our aid, we are servile and officious; but to the man whose weakness claims our attention, or whose misfortunes demand our compassion, we refuse our assistance. Of this inclination to cruelty, however, every man wishes to convince himself that he is not guilty: while we insult poverty, we willingly imagine we are depressing insolence; and endeavour to justify our tyranny, by saying that it is necessary.

To see the hero, while his country decrees a triumph in honour of his bravery, dragging behind him a monarch he has driven from his throne, or a general he has conquered; or to observe the soldier, while every voice resounds the cry of "victory," driven to desperation by danger, and enraged by opposition, continuing to murder after his enemies are discomfited, and to stab the captives who implore his protection, cannot excite much wonder in the man who knows the effect of flattery or praise, or who considers the impetuosity of passion, and the ardour of revenge. But that men, unbiassed by interest, and in the tranquillity of the closet, neither corrupted by flattery nor provoked by insult, should be emulous to use the weapons of literature in the cause of oppression, and to display by their writings that contempt for the inferior classes of mankind, for which they are prevented, by their situation, from distinguishing themselves in the cabinet or the field, may justly create in our minds astonishment and regret.—There can scarcely be a more striking instance of this abuse of study, and misapplication of talents, than in the reproaches which have been echoed by periodical writers against a class of society, which might have reasonably looked

up to the circles of learning and philosophy for a defender and a champion. *Our servants* have been represented as beings who live in profligacy and sloth; who gain their support without industry; and who, conscious of their liberty, insult their superiors, and waste the property of their master; who spend the wages which belong to industry in the pursuit of vice, and in return for kindness or affection, betray impudence and ingratitude.

But after every inquiry, it will perhaps be difficult to discover many marks of such debauchery and insolence, or to find examples of the prevalence of idleness: we seldom observe that deceit has been returned for affection, or treachery for kindness.

Our servants have likewise been accused of applying their wages to purchase the insignia of pride, of loading themselves with indecent finery, and rivalling their superiors by the splendor of their dress. Every power of rhetoric has been used to convince us, that the amount of their wages ought to be lessened; that their insolence should be mortified, and that the sums they receive are only squandered away in luxury or unnecessary excess. A man who lives in future times, when he reads these declamations,

will naturally imagine that the wages received by our servants were enormous, and that in paying them their masters were reduced to beggary and ruin; but how will he be surprised when he is informed, that the wages which were expended in every species of wantonness and profligacy, which injured the nation and supported insolence, and at the magnitude of which every philosopher expressed his wonder, amounted to the *astonishing* sum of ten pounds ten shillings a year!*.

That such a consideration as this should have escaped the men who have descanted upon the extravagance of servants, can only be accounted for by imagining, that, with that forgetfulness which commonly accompanies a bad cause, they have been too eager to lay their arguments upon a sure foundation. Nor have those who have endeavoured to give confidence to tyranny, neglected to charge our servants with dishonesty: even those who have confessed their wages have

* That I might not be accused of an unfair statement, I have rated the wages of servants at 10l. 10s. a year; but they are frequently no more than half that sum, and generally about 8l. per annum. It is true that there are a few who have enormous emoluments, and to whom I have alluded; they cannot, however, be called servants, but the governors of servants. It must be recollected that I speak of female servants alone.

not been sufficient to administer gratification to pride, or to support finery, have only allowed it as an argument, that the sums which have not been gained by labour must have been procured by roguery; and that our servants are consequently vagabonds and thieves, who revel amidst the riches of their masters, and procure their pleasures by wasting the fruits of the œconomy of others! But how those who have not an opportunity of deceiving, if they wished for it; who have every office which requires fidelity taken from their hands; who are watched with strictness, and secured by every device which ingenuity can contrive, are able to live upon the property of others, or to wallow in wealth procured unlawfully—in what manner they can squander riches which are concealed from their eyes, or live in extravagance upon treasures which are carefully kept from their attempts, it will require some ingenuity to explain. Sums which can gratify avarice or attract attention, are seldom entrusted to the care of common servants, but to those who are by their station exempted from labour, and by their emoluments secured from temptation.

But though I have thus argued against those who declaim upon the extravagance and the

villainy of servants, as being in its own nature impossible, yet I do not hesitate in asserting, that the observation of every man may convince him, that they ought to be commended for their honesty and their care. In their appearance they are not splendid, but neat; and have an art which might be imitated by their mistresses with advantage—of uniting in their dress œconomy with elegance. If we want to prove that they are addicted to treachery or deceit, we ought to shew that there are circumstances which prove them to be more guilty of these vices than the other classes of mankind.

The insolence of servants is likewise a subject of remark to those, who have long been taught to expect a humble and a slavish address. We are told, that, spoiled by kindness, and taught by familiarity to forget their stations, they become insolent and impatient of servitude; that they disobey commands, affront their superiors, and ridicule their masters.

That men are impatient of servitude is, I hope, true; because a desire to throw off the shackles of slavery is honourable to human nature. But the insolence so much complained of is scarcely to be found, and is frequently a shadow which floats before the imagination of their masters.

Firmness is to many of *them* impudence; and confidence, insult. If their servants speak with the freedom of a human being, and if they do not cast down their looks, or appear to be terrified, they fall under the appellation of saucy and impertinent: if they have the courage to disregard anger, and to defend themselves against false accusations: if they refuse to submit to every species of abuse and insult, they are impudent and wicked. If, when they have fallen into error, they are displeased, because they are continually reminded of it, or refuse, when they are in the right, to solicit for pardon, they are obstinate and perverse; too insolent for servitude, and too proud for labour.

No. 17.

IT is now become customary (and the custom has been recommended as worthy of the sanction of the law,) to reject every servant who is not able to produce a sufficient character from her former situation; but it is surely as reasonable to imagine, that a mistress may be influenced by prejudice or malignity to refuse a character,

as that a servant may not deserve one. It is at least as probable, that the *respectable* part of the world are sometimes influenced by hatred, as that the *inferior* classes of society are actuated by dishonesty. If every one be compelled to refuse a servant who cannot produce an unobjectionable character, arms will be put into the hands of the revengeful, and injustice be enabled to triumph in security. The privilege which servants possess, of changing their governors, is the only check they have upon oppression: let us not, therefore, take away the only safeguard of domestic liberty, or by a misguided zeal add strength to the arm of tyranny.

It may be urged, that the necessity of preserving a character, which may be a testimony of worth and a letter of recommendation, and the fear of being despised by society, or condemned to want, will deter the unprincipled from vice, and lead the selfish into the path of rectitude. But a very slight survey of the world will convince us, that those who have forfeited their reputation by misbehaviour, will rather be hurried by desperation into the depths of iniquity, than driven from their vices, by the fear of punishment. Admitting, for a moment, that our servants are as profligate and as idle as they

are represented to be, we must not imagine that they will be reformed by severity, or humbled by correction. It cannot be expected, that the frown of a master or the care of reputation will have much influence on those who are not restrained by honesty, nor terrified by shame.

Would we not, therefore, display our humanity and judgment, were we to endeavour to excite the slothful or the vicious by the promise of reward, and to encourage the diligent by a suitable compensation, rather than to terrify the idle by menaces, or discourage the industrious by severity. Those who have, for a series of years, given proofs of their fidelity, are, at the present day, condemned to look back upon care which has not been honoured, or toil which has been suffered to pass without recompence; while the few who have only been distinguished by their ingratitude or sloth, can console themselves by reflecting, that their idleness and guilt have only left them in the same situation with those who have been foolish enough to waste their lives in useless labour.

Let it be recommended, therefore, that a society be formed, the members of which may be enabled to give pecuniary rewards to those servants who have distinguished themselves by

good behaviour and diligence. Such an undertaking as this will, indeed, be attended by some difficulties; but only by such as are conquerable. I have before observed, that a character may be blackened through prejudice or malice, and consequently the judgment of a society would sometimes be perplexed by a contradiction of testimonies: but this may be in some measure avoided by considering, not only the character of the servant, but likewise that of her mistress. If the latter appear to be proud or ill-humoured, this ought to be considered as a proof of the virtue of the former; for it surely cannot be imagined, that any one is without honesty or care, who has been for a series of years employed by a woman, only remarkable for ill nature and moroseness; or that, on the other hand, that servant is without humility and patience, who has for a considerable time endured a mistress, addicted to caprice and discontent, whom no industry could please, nor any obedience gratify.

In the provincial histories of this country, we have some examples of a few individuals uniting to reward industry, in the manner I have proposed; but those associations were not only too small to have much effect, but the rewards they

offered were, likewise, too contemptible to excite emulation. No one was incited to diligence by the offer of one guinea and a half, in addition to her wages, for the labour of 30 years: nor could the hope of receiving *a seven shilling piece*, induce any one to submit to the fretfulness of a valetudinarian.

To give such an institution, as I have recommended, any effect, it will be necessary that it be not supported merely by a few individuals, but by the higher classes of the community in general; and that it be protected by the legislature of the country. It cannot, surely, be imagined that it can want supporters of respectability and wealth, or that men of rank and reputation will refuse to sanction an attempt to improve the happiness of a third part of the community; when our noblemen can employ their fortunes in rewarding the inventor of a stove! and our misses, without lessening their portions, are able to reward the merit of an ITALIAN OPERA DANCER*.

It must not be supposed, that this proposal contradicts my opinion, that "servants are not

* Sir J. Gallini died a short time before, and left a fortune of 60,000l!

so profligate or idle as they are represented to be." It cannot with any more propriety be imagined, that the former part of my reasoning is false, because the latter part of it recommends the encouragement of virtue, than that the generality of artizans are unskilful, because we reward the ingenious, or that the world is universally wicked, because the upright are honoured!

[Some of these remarks apply to male as well as female servants.]

No. 18.

Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto
Quære fugam morbi.

HORAT.

IMITATED.

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone.

POPE.

IT is with great indignation and surprise that I peruse the reproaches which my incorrigible predecessors have published against those gentlemen who are commonly called Quacks.

I have not yet discovered a periodical writer who does not represent them as beings who live at the expence of the estate and health of their patients; who vend for the cure of diseases articles which are pernicious to the human frame, and who disperse around the earth fevers, dysenteries, and scurvies, under the form of balsams, lozenges, or pills.

This declamation, however, has been most unfortunately directed, for it cannot be expected that such absurdities will have much authority, when opposed by undeniable marks of merit, or by men who can cure a fever without subjecting their patients to confinement, and produce witnesses to prove, that an elixir has in less than an hour cured them of the gout, or that a lozenge has in a moment mitigated the torment of the tooth ache!

But though these evidences are sufficient to convince the simple, they have not, it appears, been sufficient to soften the obstinacy of those pretenders to wisdom, and they still insist that a fever cannot be cured without confinement; that if a paroxysm of the gout be suddenly relieved, the patient will have reason to expect that the disorder is exasperated, and that

relief from the torture of the tooth-ache is seldom afforded by medicines.

Such ridiculous arguments as these cannot be supposed to have much influence, and surely every one will confess that their propagators deserve to be reprobated, when it is considered that they are used against men who are totally influenced by philanthropy; who have no other object than that of delivering mankind from misery, nor any other encouragement, as they kindly assure us, than the numbers who are snatched by their medicines from the jaws of death!

It seems, indeed, to have been unaccountably forgotten, that the persons who are denominated Quacks, are always men who possess the commendable virtue of charity in the most eminent degree, and who never utter a word, or publish an advertisement, without giving evident proofs of their piety and meekness. When it is considered with what self-denial and humility they disclaim all honour to themselves for the miracles they perform, and with what earnestness they ascribe all success to the blessings of the Almighty, we cannot but consider them as men of modesty and religion, who, unlike the rest of the world,

are too humble to admit that their skill could have much effect, and too pious to exalt themselves for what was performed by omnipotence! No can their charity be easily denied, when every day will present us with an example of the poor being enabled to swallow the air with greater avidity! or of men who have been kindly driven, gratis, from a fit of coughing, into a lingering consumption, or been charitably delivered from the dropsy by the presence of the rheumatism!

The learning of Quacks ought, likewise, to be admired: how nobly have many of them, for the public good, travelled through all the countries of Europe; studied philosophy in every foreign university, and unravelled the intricacies of science; and after their return to their country, in consideration of their abilities and their learning, been honoured by a diploma from the College of Aberdeen!

As there are, however, some men, who, in opposition to the most irrefragable testimonies, continue to ridicule this most respectable body; and as many of my friends insist that cases may be forged, or patients cured by accident, I have at a great expence of reasoning and time, discovered that all these clamours may be silenced

at once by *Quacks employing their own medicines.* Such a simple and unobjectionable measure as this, will, no doubt be received by the whole fraternity with applause, especially when I further recommend them to make themselves immediately sick, that they may, without more delay, produce proofs of the infallibility of their drugs, give new ardour to the languishing, by shewing that those who recommend a restorative, are not afraid to employ it themselves, and convince the healthy by their own example, that they may hereafter place disease and debility at defiance.

If some of these gentlemen should prove refractory, and tell us that a fit of sickness is a very disagreeable thing, I shall only remind them, that the potency of their remedies will no doubt afford them immediate assistance; and even should the disorder which they select, be of some duration, yet it surely cannot be imagined, especially when they are sure of ultimate relief, that they will refuse to endure a little inconvenience or pain, to satisfy that public which has so generously patronized them, and to convince the world, that assisted by them, it may hereafter bid defiance to fevers,

consumptions, and dysenteries; that deafness need only be endured for an hour, and that an asthma may be relieved, and cured in a week!

It is, therefore, with some exultation, that I consider myself the proposer of a plan so reasonable and easy; and that I may further contribute to the emolument of Quacks, and the satisfaction of the public, I hereby assure the world, that every certificate I receive from Dr. Solomon, or any other gentleman, of his having proved the efficacy of his medicines upon himself, shall be gratuitously inserted in the SAUNTERER.

I must not lose this opportunity of congratulating my country upon the recent multiplication of nostrums. Some may indeed assert, that the increase only proves that, notwithstanding the remedies which have arrested the progress of mortality for these fifty years, some aid is still required to alleviate the torture of disease, and new inventions are necessary to retard the approaches of death. But I cannot but ascribe this circumstance in some measure to the perverseness and incredulity of mankind. They have foolishly consented to deliver up their lives, or to languish under sick-

ness, when a cordial would have saved them from the grave, or a powder mitigated their torments. It is therefore doubtless, with a charitable alacrity, that the proprietors of medicines press forward to attract the attention of the public, that they employ novelty where argument has failed, and allure by advertisements those who have not been compelled by disease. By such exertions as these, and the effects of my proposal, the valetudinary will probably be enabled to see their own interest, and induced to shew that no man is so infatuated as to pine beneath sickness and debility, when the distributors of health solicit his attention, and the only perplexity is that of choice.

No. 19.

Quid placet aut odio est, quod non credas mutabile?
HOR.

IMITATED.

For what disgusts our fancies, what does please,
But may be chang'd.———

CREECH.

UPON an attentive examination of the progress of reason, it will appear that opinions diametrically opposite to each other have been silently espoused by the learned, and have equally received the tacit approbation of the world through the lapse of ages, without either of them being detected as erroneous, or proved to be true. This, however, is not, as might be expected, *peculiar* to the more abstruse conjectures of philosophy, but is equally observable in opinions of which every day and every hour enable us to judge.

It has been acknowledged, not only in the discussions of the moralist, but by the general concurrence of mankind, that to change our

opinions when they are overturned by argument, is laudable; that an obstinate adherence to prejudice betrays stupidity or cunning, and that few things add more to the respectability of a man, or the dignity of a reasoner, than an acknowledgement of error, or a desertion of absurdity.

The experience of every day, indeed, gives us so many opportunities of despising the futility of reasoning which we formerly supported, and the changes which time has operated upon our minds are so remarkable, that little attention is required to convince any one that the progress of his life will present before him equal reason for considering the sentiments which he now fondles to his bosom with the same disapprobation, or that his present arguments ought not to be hazarded with too much warmth, since a future period may expose their weakness.

But though these considerations have been universally allowed to be wise, and though we commend in the theory the candor of a man who can resign his errors to the force of truth, it will be found that reproach is seldom more lavishly indulged than against the man who has espoused a cause which he has

formerly ridiculed, or deserted a system which he has once defended.

The charge of inconsistency is one which may be so strongly used by the offended party, that it is not wonderful if it be seized with avidity. It affects, in so comprehensive a manner, not only the abilities, but the morality and virtue of the man against whom it is employed, that it gives those whom he has irritated some chance of convicting him of treachery without stronger proofs, as well as of strengthening their cause by shewing his imbecility.

This accusation is seldom urged with greater acrimony than against the man who has changed his political principles. If he recede from pretended patriotism, we are informed that his support has been purchased by a pension; if he forsake the banner of power, "a thirst for popularity has deluded him." His support of the constitution is represented as the submission of a dependant, or his resistance of oppression is condemned as the outrage of a disappointed place-hunter. When it is considered, however, how many of those who were formerly our favourites, are now neglected even in the stillness of private life as unworthy of

our confidence, and with what warmth we have frequently defended the characters of those whom we now allow to be treacherous and unprincipled, we may surely confess, that amidst the intricacies and the agitations of politics, a change of parties will not convict a man of deserting his principles for the prospect of wealth, or a desire of popularity.

Yet, however absurd this declamation may be considered, its employment is one of the causes of a want of public virtue; for many who have in the more advanced stages of their public lives perceived the fallacy of their former opinions, have been prevented by the dread of raillery from candidly acknowledging their errors, and publishing their conviction of the justice of the cause which they formerly opposed.

The inconsistency of an author seems likewise to be considered as equally culpable with that of the politician; for whether it be expected that he who assumes the office of a dictator to the world, should possess a greater acuteness of penetration or solidity of judgment than the generality of mankind, or, that no one should present his opinions to others before he has attentively considered them himself, the recanta-

tion of a writer has always been in some measure considered as a proof of incapacity or folly. Pope seems to have recollected this when he defended the principles of his "Essay on Man;" for it appears that the opinions which he had advanced, when the tendency of them was displayed, alarmed him, but that his false delicacy or pride prevented him from confessing his indiscretion, and compelled him to approve the zeal of Warburton. There are few men who will not acknowledge, at this distance of time, when controversy and flattery are alike forgotten, that the absurdity of his sentiments are but ill compensated for by all the melody and magnificence of his verse.

If we descend from politics and literature to the common affairs of the world, we shall find that the effect of this censure is exactly similar. Almost every man has, in some period of his life, acted contrary to his judgment, through a dread of being charged with inconstancy. Many who have formerly been unbounded in their praise, have been afterwards afraid to condemn, lest their change of opinion should be ridiculed; and some have suffered the character of their neighbour to be blackened without remorse, when it has been in their power to defend him,

lest it should be imagined that they then loved the man whom they formerly hated.

This fear of censure, however, is but a feeble excuse in public or private life for concealing our opinions. To retract our errors is not only a duty to ourselves, but to the world,—to ourselves, as convincing others that we act conscientiously; and to the world, as giving our influence to that cause which we consider the most worthy of its attention.

Those who are influenced by this false shame, as well as those who consider with indignation the wavering of others, may perhaps receive some benefit from retracing the progress of their own opinions, and comparing their present retrospect of the world with their former view of it. They will probably find that sentiments which they lately defended with warmth, have scarcely left an impression behind them; that pursuits which they formerly followed with ardour, are now remembered with disgust; and that much of what they once despised as foolish or contemptible, is now the favourite of their imagination, and the solace of their solitary hours.

Many of the refinements and conveniences of life, and much of the civilization and happiness

of mankind owe their origin to some revolution in the opinion of the world. Every nation which has emerged from barbarity, has owed its improvement to the gradual amelioration of the mind, to the rejection of former prejudices, and to an adoption of foreign ceremony or learning. To an examination of ancient absurdities, we are obliged for the decline of popery, and the progress of the reformation; and to the reception of the discoveries of Jenner, the world is indebted for its security from the contagion of disease, and the preservation of millions from inevitable death!

If this readiness to adopt has thus refined and elevated nations, a pliancy of mind will necessarily improve an individual. If we accustom ourselves to examine with candour whatever presents itself to our attention, we may gradually become less influenced by prejudice, and better qualified to unravel our perplexities. A comparison of the opinions which we have imperceptibly espoused with those which are opposite in their tendency, will, if it produce no other effect, secure us from obstinacy, and teach us to hear the sentiments of others with greater calmness.

But this openness to conviction ought to be carefully distinguished from inconstancy. We ought not to be led from our path by every meteor which plays before us. To reject truths because they are generally acknowledged, or to be allured by every system which is recommended by novelty, is not only ridiculous, but culpable. When we endeavour to forget all personal consideration, to reason without passion, and to decide without paying an undue attention to the murmur of the world, we possess that freedom of mind which equally secures us from being deluded by singularity, or enslaved by prejudice; but if we be seduced by every object which fancy places before us,—if we despise what is true because it is reverenced, or love what is contemptible because an enthusiast has dared to support it, we will become, whatever may be our opinion of our own independence, the slaves of caprice, and the victims of absurdity.

No. 20.

Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas jubeo: Atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.

TERENT.

I command him (my son) to consult the lives of men, as a mirror, and to regulate his conduct by their example.

IT has been observed, that unless the natural powers of the human mind be excited by the prospect of some excellence which can only be attained with labour and difficulty, it is too apt to be diverted by every trifling impression, or to be lulled into a culpable indifference. To present before the imagination examples of unsullied virtue, or extraordinary talents, has been therefore recommended by reason, and by the sanction of experience, as the most efficacious method of leading the unprincipled from vice, and exciting the indolent to activity.

But those who have thus attempted to place before the world objects which might stimulate or allure, have frequently been seduced by enthusiasm to ascribe to their heroes, attainments above the reach of the human capacity,

or virtues which no man could hope to imitate, whatever might be the elevation of his mind or the purity of his heart.

That class of biography which describes the progress of an individual with respect to the general learning or refinement of the age in which he lived, as it precludes in some measure the facility of deception, and displays the comparative claim which its hero has upon the applause of posterity, seems to be the most generally useful. The respective merits of Homer, of Alfred, and of Bacon, must in some measure be judged of by comparing their attainments with those of their contemporaries, while the political histories of CHARLES and of GEORGE serve to cast a light upon the virtues and blemishes of MILTON and of CHESTERFIELD.

The subject of the following sketch, whether we consider his eminence as a statesman, his connection with the literary characters of his country, or the importance of the ÆRA in which he flourished, is worthy of the attention of the Biographer. The history of his life, if properly executed, might afford a more perfect view than has yet appeared of the literature and manners of France, from the time of BOILEAU to that VOLTAIRE. The talents of a ROSCOE might

not be unworthily employed in recommending a relation sufficiently extraordinary to stimulate the inactive, without being too elevated to extinguish emulation, and which might possess much of the novelty of fiction, with all the credibility of truth.

HENRI FRANCOIS D'AGUESSEAU was born at LIMOGES, the 27th of Nov. 1688. His father, HENRI D'AGUESSEAU, Counsellor of State, sketched the outlines of the education of his son, and first awakened his mind to observation and enquiry, by allowing him to visit the curiosities of Languedoc in the company of his tutors, who endeavoured in their journies to promote the literary advancement of their pupil, by pointing out to him, in the poets of antiquity, those descriptions which were applicable to the scenes he visited. The attention and ability of their pupil sufficiently rewarded their assiduity. His study of the writers of ancient and modern times was so intense, and his perception so acute, that, before the 20th year of his age, the Greek, the Latin, the Arabic, the Hebrew, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Italian, and the English languages were familiar to him. Yet his knowledge of these tongues was not gained with unwillingness, but was

owing to the pleasure which he took in the study of their rudiments, a study which he often declared to be no contemptible amusement.

But this familiarity with the languages, however extraordinary it may appear, was equalled by his knowledge of philosophy and the mathematics. His taste for poetry and his talent for criticism were so great, that they procured him the friendship of Boileau and Racine. He was acquainted more intimately than any of his contemporaries with the constitution of his country, the nature of its commerce, and the intricacies of its laws. He studied the legislative policy of the Greeks and Romans, examined the governments of the neighbouring states, and enquired into the principles of feudal slavery.

With these qualifications he became successively the advocate, the attorney-general, and the chancellor of France, and executed the duties of those important offices with equal fidelity and wisdom; with the approbation of his sovereign, and the suffrage of the people. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his employments, he never dismissed a cause without having examined it with minuteness and accuracy. His sagacity and his vigilance were

displayed in various plans for the regulation of the hospitals and the relief of the poor. His judicial knowledge was so remarkable, that before he had reached the summit of his honours, the senators of France consulted him in private, that their public conduct might be regulated by his advice; and his harangues were considered as the most accurate standards of judicial elocution.

Yet amidst his power and his honours, when perplexed by a variety of intricate employments, he never allowed the fatigues of his office or of study to induce him to neglect the duties of humanity and benevolence. His justice to his country was tempered by mildness to the criminal. His hand was always stretched out to the assistance of the unfortunate; and, as he selected with judgment, he gave with delicacy.—He had thus, for 27 years, continued in his situation, uncontaminated by the vices of a court, when the REGENT, with that caprice which frequently attends the ruler of a nation, deprived him of the seals. That knowledge and those acquirements which qualified him to shine in the cabinet, enabled him to fill up the vacuity of solitude. He dedicated a portion of his time and his learning to the purposes of

studying the sacred writings in their original, and re-examining the opinions of the sages of the law upon the constitution of his country. But these, which would have occupied the lives of many men, were to him but secondary pursuits: the cultivation of music, of poetry, of chemistry, and of botany, likewise divided his attention. His knowledge of science was so extensive, and his love of study so ardent, that what were to others the cause of anxiety and of labour, were to him the principal sources of delight. Among those men to whom no intricacy is perplexing he may justly be distinguished, for he surely must have been possessed of no mean acuteness of perception, who, when wearied by exercise, or overpowered by lassitude, could fly to a treatise of Algebra for relaxation and amusement.

Yet, notwithstanding the variety and depth of his enquiries, it does not appear that he neglected the duties of domestic life. He instructed his children in the rudiments of the sciences, and endeavoured to instil into their minds the principles of virtue with perpetual solicitude, while he regulated his pecuniary affairs with regularity and prudence. Nor was he distinguished by any of those disgusting singu-

larities which are generally supposed to be the concomitants of genius, but united the erudition of the scholar to the politeness of the gentleman.

He continued in solitude, with some intervals of public duty, till the year 1737, when he was reinstated in his office without his solicitation, or rather without his consent, and executed his duty with his former ability and virtue. He now applied more particularly the fruits of his solitary studies to the interest of his country, and formed by his own meditation a code of jurisprudence which will remain, while regulated society shall exist, a monument of versatility of talent and energy of thought.

But the moment was approaching in which his learning or his genius would be useless. His infirmities increasing, in the 82d year of his life he retired from his public employments, after having held the dignity of Chancellor of France for 34 years, without reproach, and almost without any enemy. Shortly after, his weakness becoming insupportable, he prepared to meet the stroke of death with piety and calmness. During his illness a book was placed upon his pillow, in reading which he expired, Jan. 5th, 1751.

That this extraordinary man was exempted from the frailties and vices of human nature, it would be ridiculous to imagine; but that his moral character was exemplary, may be reasonably believed, since those who opposed his measures with the greatest vehemence acknowledged his virtue. If we consider his attention to literature, and the propriety of his domestic conduct while employed in the highest offices of state, we shall be obliged to rank him in the number of those men who have preserved their integrity amidst the corruptions of a court, and who have shewn that a statesman may benefit his country and rise to eminence, without the assistance of intrigue or wickedness. Although his abilities were employed in situations to which few of my readers can aspire, yet his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and the constancy of his perseverance, may be imitated, not only by the men who are born to add to the splendor of a throne, but by those who are doomed to languish in comparative obscurity.

No. 21.

——*Seu mobilibus vepris in horruit*
Adventum foliis, seu virides rubum,
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.

Hor. lib. 1. od. 23.

Her breath alternate comes and goes
If but a lizard stir the leaves;
And if the zephyrs fan the boughs,
She starts and quivers, pants and heaves.

Anon.

To the Author of the Saunterer.

Sir,

As the writer who pretends to regard the happiness of mankind, and who wishes to allay the animosities of private life, ought not, while he attends to the sighs of the lover, to forget the miseries of the husband. I flatter myself so far as to believe that my present complaints may not be unregarded, and that my wife may have an opportunity of distinguishing her portrait in the Saunterer.

I

My wife, when I first married her, was a plump, sprightly girl, with eyes that sparkled with vivacity, and cheeks that proclaimed the health of innocence. She could play and laugh, and dance and sing, with all the gaiety of youth. During the honeymoon, as might naturally be expected, our hours were spent in a round of happiness and festivity. The sprightliness of Emily enchanted me, while in her solitary hours she displayed that delicacy of feeling which constitutes the excellence of a female. But, alas! Sir, my wife has changed from a good tempered, cheerful and sprightly girl, and is become what is generally called a nervous wife; every breeze has now the power of putting my whole family into confusion, and of occupying the neighbourhood in enquiries and conjectures; a change of the moon can discharge our servants, and our visitors have been more than once dismissed, because one of them has chanced to remark that the weather was more hazy than usual, and that we might expect a return of the shower.

To describe all the symptoms with which a nervous wife is affected, would destroy your patience. If the clouds begin to lower, she

is afraid that the moisture may affect her lungs. If the sun shines, the heat is too powerful to be supported. In winter the sharpness of the wind cannot be endured. In summer the rarefaction of the air produces faintness. In spring the variation of the weather hurts her *nerves*, and in autumn the perpetual calmness renders her low spirited. In *January*, *June would restore her health*, and in June she is always feverish, except in January. Every season brings with it something ruinous to her constitution, and every morning produces some change of weather which renders her life insupportable. If I wish her to take a walk, it is imprudent to venture out, as *the air is dangerous*. If I wish to remain at home, *too much* confinement makes her melancholy. When I prefer chocolate, she thinks that tea is a greater cordial; and when I order tea, she desires chocolate as a better restorative. If I expect company, her health will be ruined by so much disturbance; and if we are by ourselves, she wishes for company to amuse her. Sometimes she thinks that a book would raise her spirits, and when I have procured it, *too much attention will destroy them*.

As the window of the parlour fronts to the street, my wife discovered that the murmur of the crowd made her uneasy; I therefore contrived a window which commanded a view of the country, and then the prospect was dull, and she wished for amusement. The sight of a fire produced the head ache; I procured her a stove, and then the fire was more cheerful. The bustle of the town made her restless; I sold my house in the town and purchased a seat in the country, and then she feared she should die for want of company. *Thomas* was turned away because he was too impudent, and then she wished that she had not parted with him, as he was so humble and submissive.

A great part of my income is consumed in paying the physician and apothecary, who are almost become inmates of my family. Every hour brings along with it liniments, electuaries, pills, and cordials. She has purchased of the charitable Dr. Solomon fifty bottles of the balm of gilead. One of my servants is employed in giving her medicines, and I am disturbed four times in the night by her nurse informing her that it is time to take an electuary. I am obliged to humour her in every thing, as Dr. Daffodil informs me that it is dangerous to op-

pose her wishes. As she, therefore, knows that I dare not refuse her requests, she sometimes desires a pair of ear-rings, and sometimes takes a fancy to a new fashioned head-dress. But that I may be able to shew you more minutely the nature of her complaints, I shall give you an extract from her memorandum book, which I have found by accident.

Monday.—Rose at one o'clock.—The weather cold.—Cold weather is very injurious to health.—I wonder why Mr. Z. always allows the curtains to be drawn so soon; it is insufferable: I must speak to him about it. Mem. Lady Faddle has to call upon me at five to play a game at quadrille.—Her brother, a very pretty fellow; hope to see him.—Four o'clock.—Weather very hot.—Wonder that Mr. Z. does not get closer blinds; my talking has no effect upon him; must tell him that the sun will hurt my health.—Eight o'clock.—Lost at Q. 100 guineas.—Must not tell Mr. Z.—Deduct it from my apothecary's bill.—Very sleepy.—I wonder that Mr. Z. can never go to bed sooner.

Tuesday.—Was forced to go to bed at four.—Dr. Daffodil sent me some horrid drops. Mem.—To tell him to send them more pleasant; dear Dr. Solomon's medicine is far more palatable.

Mem.—To send for a 12 guinea case.—Weather very fine—Wonder that Mr. Z. never takes a jaunt in the carriage.—Three o'clock.—Very much fatigued with the jolting of the carriage. Wonder that Mr. Z. could wish me to venture into the air.—Sent Mary for a cordial to Daffodil—Very bitter; did not take it; bitters do no good. Mem.—To tell him to send a cordial of cinnamon or mint.—Six o'clock.—Received the apothecary's bill, 200 guineas; must give him 100, and pay Lady F. with the other.—Hope my husband will not think the sum too large. Mem.—Sir J. Faddle at Lady R's rout for a partner.

Wednesday.—The dear polite man complimented me on my complexion. Mem.—To go to-night to Lady Faddle's rout.—I am very much surprised that Mr. Z. should not turn away Thomas, he looks so dull!—The weather is very stormy; must not, however, forget *Lady Faddle's* rout. Mem.—To have my tea medicated with Brodum's cordial as a very good restorative.—Must inform Dr. Daffodil that I am much surprized at his negligence.—Have not received above three cordials to day.—Must discharge the 100 guineas.

You will, Sir, imagine, after this description, that my wife is a pale emaciated woman, whose limbs are enfeebled by disease, and whose life is preserved by medical assistance. But, on the contrary, Sir, she is in appearance the same blooming, healthful Emily whom I married. She is as lively as any of her companions at the card-table, and can support, with great vivacity, a conversation which introduces the failings of her neighbours. She is the most admired dancer at an assembly, and in the company of a gallant she can render her conversation enchanting. When any of her female friends make their appearance she can forget all her maladies, and meet them with the utmost good humour. She can chide the servants without the least injury to her frame; and I myself have sometimes wished that the activity of her tongue was succeeded by fatigue.

Now, Sir, as the prescriptions of Dr. Daffodil have no effect upon the disposition of my wife, and as my present situation is insupportable, I have applied to you as to a physician of the mind, in which her malady principally exists. In the character of a Saunterer, many in similar situations may have occurred to you; and if, by

your advice or assistance, my domestic happiness may be secured, you need not doubt of the gratitude of

Yours, &c.

FENELON ZANTHON.

Mr. Zanthon seems to have mistaken the caprices of his wife for the symptoms of a deplorable disease. Indeed, had I not reason to believe that he is a good-natured man who is too fond of his wife to perceive her follies, I should imagine that she was very much afflicted with hypochondriasm. *His* situation is not a very peculiar one, as I am acquainted with a number of ladies who give equal uneasiness to their husbands, employment to the apothecary, and dissatisfaction to their friends. It cannot be supposed that I wish to add new torture to those who are really afflicted with disease: their situation is sufficiently deplorable. But a love of cordials, play, and contradiction, does not appear to me to be consistent with that delicacy of frame which so strongly marks the victims of weak nerves. Were I a physician, I might direct some mode of proceeding which might

perhaps give equal satisfaction to the husband and the wife; but, as I have not the sanction of a diploma, I have prevailed upon Dr. Galbanum (who, I am assured by the college of Edinburgh, is a man of great abilities and learning) to give me the following classical prescription:—

R. Virgæ Broomensis, manipulus unum.
Signe. Applicatur Dorsalem omnæ tertio quaque horam: atque eundum datur.
Verbe Iracundi et juræ qs.
Patiens vincitur in roomo nigro pro horæ duos omne die.
Repetatur donec elle curandum est.
Haustus fortissimum amares (sine sperits) dare dones dit que elle melior est.
G. G.

As some of my readers might not be able to understand the importance of the Doctor's recipe, and as my version might not have done justice to his elegant latinity, I have prevailed upon him, in spite of the anger of his brethren, to give me the following translation:—

Take of broom rods, one handful.

Directions.—To be applied to the small of the back every third hour, and a sufficient number of warm words and oaths to be given at the same time. The patient to be confined in a dark room two hours every day. Repeat these operations till she be cured.—A very strong bitter draught (without spirit) to be given, till she declares that she is better.

No. 22.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos,
Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

HOR.

The blooming virgin, ripe for man,
A thousand wanton airs displays;
Train'd to the dance her well taught limbs she moves,
And sates her wishing soul with loose incestuous loves.

ANON.

I Have sometimes observed with indignation, and sometimes with regret, the imprudence of mothers with regard to the education of their daughters. It might almost be imagined, from the bias which they endeavour to give to their minds, and the care with which they are nurtured in folly and in pride, that many of them were designed to rival each other as the votaries of licentiousness and pleasure, and that we judged of the perfection of the fair sex by their taste in dress, their love of scandal, and their disregard to modesty and frankness.

No sooner has the young lady attained sufficient capacity to comprehend the instructions of her mother, than she is carefully initiated in all the trifling and minutiæ of dress: her hours are spent in a perpetual attention to this object, while all that is useful, all that is virtuous, or really lovely, is forgotten. If her parents be in a rank of life which precludes the consideration of expence, and allows of polite intimacy, her time is spent in listening to the important confabulations of their visitors, upon the fashions which have troubled the repose and perplexed the engagements of half the *belles* of the metropolis. If she be in an inferior station, she is directed to envy the splendour which she is not able to imitate. All the grandeur and the elegance of fashion are diligently commented upon. A slight misbehaviour is forgiven, and a fib is excused; but a disordered head-dress produces severity and reproach. An inattention to French, to drawing, or to music, is but a trifling provocation, but a neglect of dress is insufferable. Can it be imagined that such maxims as these will produce any other effect than that of instructing her that dress ought to be the most important concern of human life; that, without it, esteem or

love is impossible to be procured, and that with its assistance, every vice and every mental deformity will be rendered agreeable and alluring?

If this want of consideration extended no further, its effects would be comparatively trifling; but there are other absurdities in the present system of female education which merit more severe reprobation. Before a girl has escaped from the trammels of childhood, she is taught (even by those who are entrusted with the care of her morals and her welfare) to consider herself as already entitled to enjoy the privileges, and to claim the respectability of a WOMAN. She is familiarized to the attention of coxcombs before she has gained sense or discrimination: she is eager to be followed by a lover, before she is capable of love; and assumes the air of maturity and experience, while she possesses the ignorance of a child. There are not a few mothers who, although they would be shocked at any imputation of indelicacy, converse with freedom upon the subjects of marriage and of love, in the presence of their children; while others allow them, before they have attained that discretion which might lead them to the duties of propriety and prudence, to associate

in all the amusements of the thoughtless, the giddy, and the foolish, satisfied that they punish every impropriety which is committed in their presence, without guarding their child against the effects of example and of vice, rendered more captivating by the influence of affection.

To such as these, a sketch of the progress of a woman, who, with happier fortune, might have become the ornament of the one sex, and the admiration of the other; whose mind, naturally pure, was depraved by too early an intimacy with the world, and whose ruin was completed by the imprudence and the folly of others, may not prove entirely useless. I should not have written it, had I not imagined that there are some who love to trace the progress of virtue or vice in the solitary paths of life; who delight to examine the minuter actions of mankind, and who believe that the happiness of the world is no less influenced by the conduct of men, who languish in insignificance and obscurity, than by the victories of the warrior, or the intrigues of the statesman.

Annabella is the daughter of a man who has raised himself from poverty and insignificance to commercial respectability and opulence. His success has not unjustly been ascribed to

the united powers of cunning, knavery, and industry. His understanding is feeble, and his mind uncultivated: the utmost stretch of his enquiries is gratified by the papers of the day, while with learning or politeness he is totally unacquainted. His wife is equally distinguished for her deficiency in understanding and accomplishments; though possessed neither of beauty nor of wit, there are few who can equal her in self-importance; she is reserved and affected, without chastity or elegance.

Annabella was employed, during the hours which were not spent in the confinement of a school, in the usual routine which children are allowed by their parents to pursue; in teasing the maids by her peevishness and ill-nature; in provoking the anger of her mother, and then allaying it by her tears; in displaying every caprice which indulgence or folly could help to gratify; and in cherishing every passion which might add to the sorrows and the misery of her future life.

With that readiness with which all her desires were gratified, she was suffered, as she grew up, to associate in the pleasures and amusements of the servants: when strangers arrived, it is true, she was immediately forbidden to be seen in

their company; but at other times she was left at full liberty to chuse her companions, and to spend her time in what manner she desired.

Although her parents took every means to foster her pride, and to inform her that Miss ——— and Mr. ——— ought not to be allowed to take liberties with her, and that *she* might reasonably aspire to society in which *they* would be ridiculed, yet they reflected, that as their servants were immediately beneath their own commands, there would be little fear that their child would be cured of her pride, especially when they were wise enough to inform her, that her superiority over them ought not to be considered as owing to the inferiority of their conversation or laxity of their morals, but to the meanness of their situation and their dress.

Thus perverted by advice and example, she possessed all the disgusting ignorance of pride, while she heard and beheld, without blushing, every species of indecency and wickedness; she was sufficiently vicious to mingle with the servants in their profligacy, to listen to their tales, and to take pleasure in their company. The various conversations among them, which did not unfrequently tend to immodesty, and which were generally those which pass

among the lowest classes of mankind upon amatory subjects, gratified her curiosity, and corrupted her heart; every species of vulgar licentiousness and cunning became familiar to her; and I have heard her, with a mixture of astonishment and regret, converse with freedom and with knowledge in language which might have raised the blushes of the most profligate, and gratified the curiosity of the most inquisitive.

Nor did the imprudence of her parents merely extend thus far: they allowed her to associate with all who could equal her in real or pretended fortune or rank. Without paying attention to the propriety of their demeanour, or the extent of their understanding, she was suffered (although she had not quite attained her thirteenth year) to appear in their company at every place of public resort, to frequent the theatre, and to parade the streets. She was familiarized to the senseless flattery with which her companions were entertained by rakes and coxcombs; her envy was excited by the adulation and attention they received, and she languished, notwithstanding her youth, to have the pleasure of coquetting with a lover, and of mortifying a rival. As her stature far exceeded

her age, and her levity was sufficiently visible, she was not long without pretended admirers, who satisfied her vanity for a while, but who gradually neglected her, disgusted by her ignorance, or offended by her folly.

The parents of Annabella perceived the indiscretion of their daughter with a mixture of anger and surprise; but they did not reflect, that her forwardness was owing to the contagion of example, and to the pride, the love of company, and the delight in dress with which they had inspired her. They did not endeavour to convince her that her folly would be the cause of future misery and repentance; that the beings who addressed her, wished but for an opportunity of gratifying their passions at the expence of her happiness; and that her conduct, if persisted in, would reduce her to the contempt of her friends, and the derision of her enemies. They informed her, that they expected she would not any longer demean herself with men so much her inferiors in fortune and appearance; that her beauty might be reasonably expected to procure her a lover of greater respectability and wealth; and that her levity would finally condemn her to want and indigence.

Such admonitions as these but gratified her vanity, without producing reformation. She could not discover any motives of prudence, which were sufficient to restrain her in her conversation and address. While she cherished the hope of wealth and splendour, she imagined that she might gratify her inclinations, in chusing for the present what companions, and in following what pursuits, she pleased, without endangering her prospects of future elevation.

The gaiety of her appearance, the freedom of her discourse, and the voluptuousness of her manners, *still* attracted a crowd of all whose society was too insipid to be acceptable to the sensible, or whose licentiousness debarred them from intimacy with the modest. While those who had been disappointed in their hopes of gratification by the resistance of her pride, were too prudent to express their disappointment; she was surrounded by others, who aimed at the same object, captivated by her affectation of simplicity, yet encouraged by the levity of her conversation and demeanour.

But at length even her pride was subdued by the ungovernable fury of her passions; she fell, without being ruined by the arts of seduction or

of treachery, the victim of her own insatiable lust. She devoted herself to every species of debauchery and lewdness, abandoned even the appearance of decency, and, except in the company of those whom interest or alliance induced her to respect, when she could assume with facility the artlessness of innocence, and the reserve of a vestal, exceeded the libertine ministers of her pleasures in outrageous and wanton indecency.

Although by her cunning and her caution she concealed the extent of her vices from her parents, her levity and indiscriminate connections were sufficiently visible ; but as they had ruined her by their weakness, they hurried her by their misconduct to more disgusting and more various wickedness. When her father perceived that the ambition which he had endeavoured to instill into her mind was insufficient to prevent her imprudence, he had recourse to cruelty and violence. With the rage of folly and of ignorance, he endeavoured to restrain and to terrify her by personal torture and abuse, without regarding the ties of nature or the dictates of prudence. The unfortunate object of his resentment was too deeply im-

mersed in pleasure, to forsake it through the fear of severity and reproach. As a refuge from the brutality of her father, and her own reflections, she flew to a vice equally deceitful and injurious: while she rioted in all the revelry of lust, she destroyed her health and disgraced her sex by perpetual intoxication, and finished the folly of the day by a night of insensibility or delirium.

No. 23.

Mobilis & varia est ferme natura malorum
Cum scelus admittant, superest constantia quidfas
Atque nefas, tandum incipiunt, sentire peractis
Criminibus———

JUVEN.

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery paths of vice;
Tho' conscience checks, yet these rubs once gone o'er,
He glides on smoothly and looks back no more.

DRYDEN.

THE folly of neglecting the advantages of the present hour, and looking forward to a future period—a period which may not arrive, or the employment of which the most trifling accident may prevent, and the weakness of imagining that time will enable us to conquer the vices which now fetter our resolutions, have always afforded a theme of merriment to those who have endeavoured to please the world by raillery and wit, a subject of indignation and complaint to those who have looked upon the miseries of life with greater sensibility.

That the satire of the gay, and the reasoning of the serious, should have been employed without effect, cannot reasonably excite any emotions of surprize, when it is considered how easily every man submits to some subterfuge which disables him from shaking off the influence of sloth; how readily we listen to the flattery of hope, when she promises us some release from the restraints which wisdom and which virtue would place upon our passions, or droop in the anguish of despair, when industry is required to reach the object of desire.

When we are discouraged by unexpected difficulty, or diverted from attention by the allurements of pleasure, we willingly believe that time will produce an opportunity more favourable for exertion, and that a slight deviation will only engage us for a while, and enable us to return to more noble pursuits with renovated ardour. But let every man who is seduced by illusions such as these; who imagines that the enjoyment of vice will give new animation to weakness; or, that wandering in the paths of pleasure will enable us to delight in the ruggedness of labour, contemplate the lives of those with whom intimacy has made him familiar, and retrace the progress of his own.

He will discover that almost all the accomplishments or the talents he has gained, have been those which he has attempted with warmth, and pursued with diligence; that the resolutions which have once been broken, have been seldom renewed with sufficient vigour to produce much happiness or improvement, and that every seduction to which he has once surrendered, has hurried him into vices against which he has vainly employed the energy of his mind.

But were it to be allowed that we could restrain our passions whenever we desired, and mingle in the follies of the world without contamination; could pleasure always be rejected when it conquered exertion, and vice be forgotten when we were satiated by enjoyment, we ought still to be excited to activity by reflecting, that the period must speedily approach when the fruits of our labour ought to be enjoyed; we should take care that we have not to learn when we might be expected to apply, and be condemned to finish, by a contemptible old age, a life of misery, ignorance, and folly. Nor let it be urged that this argument overturns itself; that the rapidity of time is but a reason for the enjoyment of pleasure, and that the shortness of life

but teaches us the vanity of human excellence; for not to mention those arguments which are too solemn for my present purpose, let any one compare the life of a man who has spent his time in activity and study, with that of the profligate who has passed his life in perpetual debauchery. The former possesses that vigour of the body and satisfaction of the mind, which are the attendants upon the man who is not weakened by the arts of dissipation, or harrassed by the horrors of anxiety and compunction; he is respected in youth, and honoured in age. How different is the fate of the latter! His youth is spent in the midst of those who feel not the ties of affection or of love; who court him as the companion of their pleasures, or the master of their fortunes, but hate him as a man. His hours are passed in a perpetual succession of solicitude and sorrow, of wickedness and repentance. His fortune is ruined, and his health destroyed, while his fears are a source of perpetual unhappiness. He becomes the victim of irregularity or drunkenness; an object of contempt to the world, and of pity to his friends. The wild rapidity of his thoughts, the frenzy of his eye, and his hurried but feeble step, proclaim him, at the age of manhood, the victim of disease. If he strug-

gles he struggles with torture and misery, or sinks into the grave without receiving the tribute of a tear to his memory!

There are others who are not deluded by the fascinations of pleasure, but who remain in ignorance and sloth, satisfied that they avoid indecent licentiousness, without endeavouring at excellence. But surely the man who is seduced by pleasure to neglect his duty; who imagines that the gratification of the senses is superior to that of the mind, and who prefers the haunts of a brothel to the closet of the student, is more excusable than he who neglects the charms of virtue, without being attracted by the allurements of vice; the former neglects real for imaginary happiness, but the latter despises the attainment of the one without being gratified by the possession of the other.

But by far the greater number of mankind attempt to lull their own reflections, and to elude the observation of others, by lamenting their inability to attain excellence without neglecting those duties which are absolutely necessary. But when I observe the conduct of the world, and find men who complain of the multiplicity of cares and the shortness of time,

debating the merit of a race-horse, or wasting their strength in endeavouring to rival the rapidity of its motion; when I consider how many there are who verify the portraits of Juvenal, and spend their time in the circle of a tennis-court, or in calculating the second of an eclipse; what numbers of our noblemen place the meridian of happiness at Newmarket, and how much of the lives of the lower classes of mankind is spent in the precincts of a tavern; I cannot help imagining that such complaints as these are generally the offspring of indolence and folly; rather meant to hide the power which sloth possesses over our minds than to testify our regret for the misapplication of our time.

No man can re-examine his own life, without remembering periods in which his virtue or his learning has been increased, by the accidental employment of hours which he had resolved to spend in some pursuit which he now looks back upon with laughter or contempt;—how much a regular employment of every moment which was exempted from the necessary duties of his life, and which might have flown unperceived in the enjoyment of idleness or vice, has contributed to the vigour of his body, or the improvement of his mind.

There are others, who allow that the hours which they now spend unprofitably might add to their happiness and knowledge, were they properly employed; but who urge at the same time the necessity of amusement, to preserve that activity of the mind, without which ingenuity and judgment are useless: nor can I make any objection to an opinion, to which the experience of every one has given some authority, but by enquiring the motives which induced the world to fly for delight to the conversation of the dull, the ignorant, or the foolish, rather than to the society of virtue, of learning, or of wit. We might surely amuse our minds in striving to possess the language of a VIRGIL or a TASSO, as well as in endeavouring to undertsand the intricacies of politics, or to learn the scandal of the neighbourhood. It might reasonably be imagined, that the study of nature or of art might furnish as much entertainment as the *tittle tattle* of a drawing-room, or (if the beaux will allow me to compare the one with the other) the clamour of an alehouse, and that relaxation might be as easily discovered in our study, surrounded by the productions of fancy or of genius, as in the circles of debauchery, where brutality is rendered more disgusting by insipidity and folly.

I am not ignorant of the little effect which such reasonings as these may have upon the impetuosity of youth. When every object possesses the allurement of novelty, and our attention is engaged by scenes of distant happiness, it is with difficulty that we are persuaded, that the nearer we approach the object of desire, our enjoyment will be less: we glide along the stream of pleasure with irresistible violence, deluded by a thousand phantoms which play before us, and lulled to security by the shade which passion enables us to place before misery and ruin.

But when old age approaches, with perceptible rapidity; when the shadows which have bewildered the imagination disappear; when life has been wasted by perpetual inquietude; and when sensual gatification can no longer be enjoyed, we look back with regret and forward with despair. When we re-trace the progress of our lives, and feel how little of what has enslaved our minds can give us consolation in our declining years, we look with repentance to that course, which, though attended at first with difficulty, would have not only administered pleasure, but left behind it the possession of innocence; would have smoothed

the path of life with perpetual fragrance, and rendered the couch of death the abode of serenity and peace.

No. 24.

Cum tua pervidcas oculis mala lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitiis, tam cernis acutum,
Quàm aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius?

HOR.

Why your own errors do you spare, but spy
Those of your friends with more than eagle's eye.

DUNCOMBE.

THERE are a numerous class of beings in the world who wonder at the imprudence, the weakness, or the guilt of others; who lament with outward, but with real sincerity, the failings and the vices of mankind; are sorry that there should be so few who are influenced by the dictates of reason, and express a sincere indignation at the immorality and impiety of the age; but who at the same time forget that they themselves are very frequently guilty of the follies for which they so readily condemn their fellow-creatures, and express their astonishment and regret.

But although this practice may justly be ridiculed as some proof of weakness, it ought

not to render satire or admonition useless, since whatever may be the neglect which any man displays for maxims which he endeavours to impress upon the minds of others, *they* must still stand or fall in proportion to their intrinsic truth, without being rendered less forcible or just by *his* want of consistency.

One of the most remarkable instances of this self-love with which I am acquainted, is my friend Jack Maggot, who has lived to the 50th year of his age, in direct opposition to his own maxims and complaints, and who seldom spends a day without performing in the evening some action which he has condemned in the morning, or violating in the morning some duty which he has endeavoured in the evening to recommend.

If Jack has been introduced by accident into a family in which he perceives that the boys are impertinent, and the girls are idle, or that their parents forget the necessity of correction, and spoil them with too much indulgence, he breaks out as soon as he is seated with his companions, into a very gloomy description of the imprudence and the folly of the system of modern education; he descants with much warmth upon the effeminacy and profligacy

of our youth, and recommends the use of severity, tempered with moderation, as the only means of training a child in the path of obedience, of learning, or of virtue. He observes with great acuteness the laxity of discipline, the want of learning, and the neglect of merit, which are visible in our public academies; and wonders that any one can send their daughters to those abodes of ignorance and vice which are generally called boarding-schools, where their hearts are corrupted, and their minds debased by immorality and trifling.

If the subject of marriage be mentioned, the lamentations of Maggot are immediately excited by the haste and the indiscretion with which such indissoluble connections are too frequently formed. He points out, with all the eloquence in his power, the folly of selecting a companion for life, without paying regard to the ornaments of the mind, or merely captivated by a beauty which disease may destroy, or ill nature may render disagreeable. "Can any one observe without astonishment and sorrow, with what readiness mankind are allured by superficial attractions? How easily folly, concealed under the semblance of wit,

can enslave the mind of a female, or affectation, beneath the form of modesty, seduce the affections of the men; and how little attention is paid by either sex to good sense, good humour, or to virtue, while the graceful ease of a salute, the use of flattery, or elegance of dress, will be preferred to sincerity in the one sex or learning in the other. How many instances of unhappiness and discord do we perceive in the marriage state, which a little timely consideration might have prevented; and how much of irremediable infelicity has owed its origin to the selection of those who have allured us by the elegance of the person, rather than the beauty of the mind! With what levity the matrimonial contract is considered, must be evident to every one who sees with what want of reflection thousands are engaged in it, and how frequently those whose hands are joined at the altar, are unacquainted with the conduct or the characters of each other."

The absurdity of those men who violate the secrecy of friendship, and, betray that confidence which real or pretended affection has obtained, has alway been a copious theme of rhetoric to Maggot. "With what reason, (he exclaims) can any one expect to gain the

esteem of mankind, who betrays the trust which others have reposed in him, and uses the arts of insinuation as a means of contributing to the inconvenience or anxiety of his friends? Surely no one can imagine that he will gain respect or pass through life admired and happy, who convinces the world that he is unworthy of confidence, and that his conduct is a mixture of hypocrisy and falsehood." Nor is he less eloquent in his recommendation of a careful choice of companions. "How much superior (says he) are the pleasures of real friendship, to those of that intimacy which is formed from a similarity of vice and folly! How much it is to be regretted that the world prefers the company of ignorance to that of virtue; that deceit should be courted under the disguise of politeness, and merit neglected under the garb of modesty! Were every man to select his friends in proportion to their understanding or their integrity, how much greater would be the felicity of life: when our griefs or our cares might be communicated to one who would sympathize with our sorrows and our joys; alleviate the pressure of calamity, or increase our enjoyment of happiness."

Jack never perceives the quarrels of a master and a servant, without expressing his astonishment that any man can expect to be obeyed who knows not how to command. "What folly (he exclaims) must that man be guilty of who imagines that a look of severity will excite respect, or that a wanton abuse of authority will produce any other effect than ridicule or hatred? Every one may perceive how much more faithfully he is served, whose mildness of temper and prudence excite the love of his domestics, than he who endeavours to terrify them by reproach or anger. The former is revered and obeyed with diligence; he perceives a smile upon every countenance at his approach, and is welcomed with cheerful alacrity. The latter is feared and despised; is obeyed with unwillingness, and ridiculed by those in whom he endeavours to excite submission and fidelity."

Nor do the less personal follies of mankind pass unregarded. Jack wonders what infatuation can induce any one to waste his time in sloth and inactivity, when exertion might add to his health and improvement; what motive can influence the world to remain in ignorance, when the moments which are spent in unhappi-

ness might be productive of learning and knowledge; or, why pursuits, which experience has convinced us can only yield vexation and disappointment, are still preferred to employments which might render us happy and contented.

It will no doubt, be imagined, that Maggot has always respected opinions which he endeavours to inculcate with so much anxiety; that he proves himself in reality a friend, a husband, and a father; that his children are models of obedience and piety, that his wife is distinguished by modesty and intelligence, and that his house is the seat of felicity and peace. But Maggot, like more distinguished moralists, forgets to enforce his precepts by his own example, and to teach the world that truth must always produce conviction: he was never entrusted with a secret which he did not betray; he never acquired knowledge without compulsion; his servants are dishonest and insolent; his son is ignorant and profligate; and his wife a scold, a slattern, and a fool.

I might, before I concluded my paper, take an opportunity of shewing, that I could excel many of the beaux of the present age in wit and irony. I might ask a bishop, whether

he has not hurried over a sermon upon temperance, that he might prepare to do the honours of a turtle feast; or provoke the anger of a physician, by enquiring whether he does not kill his patients by the same death-warrants which he condemns in his rival brethren: I might affect to believe that there are some who delight in the praise of charity, who live upon the property of orphans; or that many recommend the virtue of honesty, who would have no objection to overreach another in a bargain: nay, I might rally my pretty neighbours upon the frequency with which they accuse their friends of slander, while they practise it themselves, or remark the artificial bloom upon the cheek of a rival, when their own is tinctured with rouge: I might shew that a statesman does not always keep the laws which he has created for the punishment of others; and that a moralist may descant upon the vanity of fame, whose mind is tortured by ambition; —but, as I must confess that I hold a bishop in very great veneration, that I fear the medical revenge of a physician, that I love the ladies too much to put them to the blush, and that the anger of a minister is to me a very terrible

thing, I shall for the present relinquish these designs. A consideration which I have just mentioned seems indeed to warn me to beware of touching too much upon the foibles of others; to teach me that it is sometimes prudent to be silent; and to bring to my remembrance, that every excellence is not the lot of a real or a fictitious SAUNTERER.

No. 25.

Omnes vafur vitium ridenti flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum, præcordia ludit.
Persius.

He with a sly insinuating grace
Laugh'd at his friend and look'd him in the face,
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
DRYDEN.

TO express our opinions upon subjects which have received much of the attention of the world, or upon questions which learning and genius have previously endeavoured to decide, is a task of acknowledged difficulty: our minds are influenced by the judgment of those, whose abilities have entitled them to reverence, or our deviation from the prejudices of others must render us the objects of suspicion or of ridicule. It cannot be expected that any opposition to the sentiments of those, whom the world has been accustomed to consider as the arbiters of criticism and taste, will be regarded with much

lenity by their admirers; or that, on the other hand, the mind of a writer will remain unfettered by the authority of those whom he cannot hope to excell, and is obliged to imitate.

The task of criticising the periodical essayists is peculiarly difficult to one of their successors; since, whatever weakness or error he may condemn, or whatever learning or genius he may praise, he is in some measure obliged to judge his own productions—to expose absurdities which may be discovered in himself, or to commend those beauties which must stand as a contrast to his own deformities.

So much has been written upon the writings of ADDISON, that it is almost equally superfluous to condemn or to praise him. His beauties have gained him admirers, who have considered him as an example of every excellence; while his imperfections have raised against him a host of enemies, who have denied his claim to the title of a philosopher, a critic, or a poet.

The style which Addison has chosen, however it may have been praised by Johnson, as being equally free from pomposity and weakness, is undoubtedly defective. His selection of words to express the common occurrences of life is

eminently happy, and he preserves the ease of common conversation, without debasing his diction by vulgarity of expression. But while he is exact in the choice of his words, he has paid no attention to the harmony of his cadence. The words upon which the force of his sentences principally depends, are frequently placed where they cannot be pronounced but by rendering the passage weak and inanimate, or the voice is exhausted by the length and confusion of the period. For these reasons we ought not to consider him as a model of the middle style, but as an example of it. If we wish to gain a style "familiar, but not coarse —elegant, but not ostentatious"—we must apply our time to the volumes of the more modern moralists, some of whom have preserved his ease, without copying his weakness; and have united to his purity of language a greater melody of period.

But it is not only the characteristic of a good writer, that his style in general is melodious and correct, but that the construction of his period, and the selection of his words, are varied according to the nature of his subject. On light subjects he should be easy, and on grave subjects dignified. He should descant

with elegance on the topics of the day, and employ the pomp of language to give energy to greatness of thought or splendour of imagery. If we examine the compositions of Addison by this rule, he will not deserve much praise.

Whether he endeavours to elevate us by sublimity, or to please us by wit, his style is equally without animation. He employs as little of the force of rhetoric to paint the grandeur of the universe, as to describe the pillar of a lady's head-dress: and descants with an equal profusion of words upon the extent of eternity, and the affectation of a prude.

We sometimes, therefore, turn from a paper, in which every power of learning and of judgement has been employed, without being much impressed by its dignity, or pleased with its truth. The strength of his arguments, and the energy of his thoughts, are frequently insufficient to preserve our attention. We feel the merit of the writer, and admire his piety or his knowledge, but are dissatisfied, we know not why, and close his volume without regret. But this effect is not always produced. There is sometimes an ingenuity of remark, and a justness of conception, which even the demerit of his style is unable to conceal. He is parti-

cularly fortunate in his selection of all that can add to the interest of his subject. When he wishes to convince, he is generally powerful; when he endeavours to persuade, he is always irresistible. To those papers which are distinguished by wit, or which describe the daily occurrences of life, his style is more particularly applicable. We are not in them disgusted by a dissimilarity of sentiment and language; but our fancy is pleased, and our judgement satisfied. It is true, that even in the style of these papers he may be excelled; but his conquerors must owe their elevation to his aid.

If we consider the sentiments of Addison, independent of his style, we shall find much to admire, and little to condemn. His writings display in every sentence the man of learning, the philosopher, and the gentleman. His remarks upon life are such as display that knowledge of the world, and that intimacy with the gay, the witty, and the polite, which are necessary to render the fruits of study more valuable and useful. He has the art of descanting upon trifles without minuteness, and of rendering the temporary follies of the day the vehicles of general instruction: the colour of a lady's slipper, or the magnitude of her fan, are converted

in the hands of Addison into a theme for morality and wit. He seems to persuade as a friend, rather than to correct as a teacher; and rather endeavours to allure our attention by a smile, than to command our reverence by a frown.

But with all his beauties, he cannot be considered as entitled to the applause of genius. He displays energy of thought, brilliancy of wit, and extent of learning; but he does not display that creative power which animates the page of unlettered ignorance. The universality of his reading has enabled him to illustrate his arguments, and to enforce his precepts, by the talents and the authority of the writers of ancient and modern ages; but he never astonishes by unexpected splendour, and seldom delights by sublimity of thought. He has done all that the wit, the scholar, and the gentleman could do; but he has done no more.

His claim to the title of a critic has been denied by men who were remarkable for mistaking affectation for wit, and harshness for dignity; who, from the throne of literary despotism, affected to look down with contempt upon all whose superiority endangered their power; and who considered the taste of

Addison as a contrast to their own laboured and pedantic ostentation. But whatever reception may be given to the writer who endeavours to veil simplicity in learned obscurity, and to render sublimity unintelligible, the title of a critic must be finally allowed to that man, who displays the beauties of an author, and corrects his errors, without deviating from the laws of nature and of taste. To this praise Addison is entitled. He does not judge of the beauty of a metaphor, by observing that it is equalled by Homer; or inform us that a simile is mean, because it might have been more exact in the hands of Virgil: when the palm-trees of Asia are mentioned, he does not prove that the passage is contemptible, because it does not agree with the description of Strabo; nor censure a Milton as a dunce, because mathematics will not shew the propriety of his images.

His merits as a critic will be best displayed, by enquiring of what his enemies have convicted him. They have proved that he praised an author in proportion to his adherence to nature and to truth; that he never disgusted his readers by mysterious nonsense, nor employed a chapter in rendering perspicuity intelligible; that he never soared upon the clouds of

dullness above the bounds of comprehension, nor forgot the beauties of his author to admire the visions of Pythagoras and Plato. Such are the charges of which Addison has been tacitly accused, by men whose formality will have consigned them to oblivion, when time shall have matured the laurels which justice has planted around his tomb.

If it be allowed that he does not examine the merits of an author with all the subtilty of refinement, and that he displays delicacy of judgement rather than profundity of reasoning, yet this concession places him as a critic in the first rank. The writer who examines the genius of an author with rigorous sagacity, and he who decides by the influence of taste, have perhaps equally improved the judgement of the world though their pursuits are different. The enquiries of the one are formed to gratify the scholar, and the essays of the other to please and to improve the reader.

His poetry displays the talents of a man who was incapable of sublimity, and could avoid meanness. His compositions are ornamented by learning, but are not illuminated by genius. His metaphors are generally false, and his si-

milies imperfect. He seems to have aimed at correctness, but is frequently faulty in his rhymes, and sometimes disgusts by a designed repetition of his words. Johnson has praised his *Campaign* as superior to the other poems, which were written upon the same occasion; but this is not a proof of the abilities of its author, but of the dullness of his rivals. His letter from Italy, and his verses to Kneller, merit, in my opinion, the praises they have received; but if these be retained as the productions of a man, who appeared above contempt in whatever he pursued, the rest of his poetry may be suffered to glide into oblivion, without injustice to its author, or injury to the world.

No. 26.

——"*Lalagen amabo*
"*Dulce loquentem.*"

——I will love
The sweet speaking Lalage.

AS the faculty of speech is, next after reason, that which most peculiarly distinguishes man from all other animals, and as indeed speech and reason are so blended that the one without the other is of little value; one would expect to see so rare a dispensation estimated as of the highest importance, and so used as to be rendered subservient to the happiness of our lives in the most essential points. But every day's experience shews us, that this faculty, by which our habits as social beings, are generated, and which consequently ought to make society delightful, is by the general consent of mankind so perverted from its obvious application, as seldom to be brought into play without an intention of plaguing or humbling those with whom we converse. A moralist addressing the world,

inculcates duty; the politician, or the man of business, points out our interest; and each would have his followers square their conduct by one or the other of these leading principles: but in the use, or rather the abuse of conversation, we most glaringly act as much against our duty as against our interest. If, in pursuance of the great basis of all morality, we ought to do as we would be done by, certainly we ought to make our companions as pleasant and easy in our company as our talents and circumstances admit: for, should they fatigue themselves in restraining their observations and anecdotes to such facts and persons as excite in us disagreeable emotions, we should wish them heartily out of the way; and therefore, if we are not careful to suppress all ideas that arise in our minds, the obvious tendency of which would be to excite uncomfortable recollections in those to whom we address our conversation, we are not doing as we would be done by, and consequently are acting contrary to our duty. But it is no less true that this sort of behaviour is contrary to our interest.—Is any man weak enough to fancy, that after he has been a whole afternoon talking of his equipages, his services of plate, his rents, and his brokers, to one who can scarce make the two ends of the year meet, this poor gentle-

man shall go home with any sentiments of cordiality for him, or any wish to promote his welfare? When Azarica goes to dine with the rector's lady, does she make the party comfortable by protesting it is impossible to get on, even for a month, at a watering place, without two cooks and two sets of culinary utensils? It is obvious that such a mode of talking must excite an envious uneasiness in little minds, and a very sovereign contempt to those of stronger texture: but either of these sensations is incompatible with respect or attachment; and therefore, after such a conversation, the parties who have been *shewing off*, if they think at all, must reflect that they have that day displayed, it is true, their magnificence, but have diminished (in the proportion of those they have thus obliquely insulted) the number of persons on whom, in case of such exigencies as wealth is liable to, they might rely for support. We seem wholly to have lost sight of the simple reason why we meet together; we never remember that it is most likely the faculty of speech was given to us, in order that by a communication of each individual's ideas the wants of each might be remedied, and the abilities of a community thrown as it were into a *hotch-pot* for the

benefit of all its members; and still less does it occur to us, that the more refined use of language is to heighten the pleasures of leisure. In our method of carrying on society, we take our tongues to a party as the Mohawks did their knives, for self-defence, and to exhibit our superiority, and not for the purposes of conviviality; for when we begin to talk with each other, it is obvious that our sole motive is a desire to aggrandize ourselves, and obtain a character. We would appear men of connexions by talking of my Lord This, and the Bishop of That—what Sir Peter told us, and what a good thing Jack such a One said at Newmarket; provided Jack such a One be the son of an Earl, or grandson of a Duke at any rate.—If a man carries you, under pretence of a ride out, from boundary fence to boundary fence, and from farm to farm, and tells you '*All this is my property*', be assured he has no one quality to entitle him to respect, except his property: if he ask you '*whether the old set were together at Boodle's, when you left London?*' depend on it he would have the rest of the company stare at him for a *man of high fashion about town:* and, in the same strain, wits talk of composition and criticism, before

country gentlemen, country gentlemen talk of draining, bulls, and tup-shews, before young ladies; and these again throw out hints of their own perfections in music, dancing, &c. in the presence of such of their *friends* as are notoriously defective in those accomplishments—not at all with any view to instruct, or amuse those to whom they speak, but with the sole intent of convincing their companions, be they whom they may, that they enjoy very superior endowments of mind and body, are conversant in matters far beyond what occupies the thoughts of those doomed to be thus humbled, and are, in short, people that ought to be looked up to: but the natural consequence of such intercourse is, that those talked down to-day, turn the tables to-morrow, and give this *friendly* interchange of ideas the bent that will afford them an opportunity of enlarging on subjects of which their associates are profoundly ignorant: the Miss who draws overpowers the Miss who dances, and the latter secretly hates the former; the country 'Squire curses them both, and laments the deplorable mistakes in female education; and the wit praises heaven that he has got out of a booby's clutches who talked him to death about profit and loss, and seemed to have

no conception of fine writing: and thus the seeds of dislike are so generally sown, that the bonds of society become cankered, and very little cordiality is to be found among us. Short observations often sink deep, and mankind is not endued with a sufficient degree of candour to attribute to chance those passages in conversation which call to mind failings, errors, or misfortunes. The oftener any set of persons are together, and the closer they are bound to each other, the more attentive they ought to be to the observance of *civility;* a term which is as little applicable to modern breeding, as it is to the buckram ceremonial of our forefathers. Civility means a care never to do, and never to say any thing, which, if done or said, might be unpleasant to any individual in company; and it is a rule much easier to be observed than may appear on the first reflection; for if we are attentive to talk on chearful subjects, and never to detract, we shall be pretty sure to avoid all mention of facts and persons which might irritate the minds of such of our companions as are in a great measure unknown to us; and a to those with whose history and connexions we are well acquainted, we must, from the very nature of that acquaintance, know what subjects and what

persons would, if brought on the carpet, excite irksome emotions in their minds. I am not aware of one sacrifice that is exacted by the attention to this civility which I recommend, except that of abusing our neighbours; and I will venture to say, that if any one in company have a fancy so splenetic as not to furnish out a reasonable share of lively conversation, without being exercised in detraction (for the nicest touch of ridicule on absentees is detraction) the general good humour of the party will not be one jot the worse if that gentleman carry the observance of civility so far as to hold his tongue for the day.

There is one error into which really well disposed persons are apt to fall, that I must notice before I lay down my pen, because they offend against my idea of civility with the best intentions in the world, and greatly hurt, even if they do not exasperate, their friends, by doing that which they labour at with a view to please them. What I allude to, is the prevalent custom in little private parties to bring up for subjects of bitter animadversion and censure, those persons who are on ill terms with some one in company. It is generally thought that by thus examining, condemning, and executing a man's enemies,

you pay your court to him personally; but a diligent observer of the human mind will know that exactly the contrary happens: I, who have been injured, cannot help retracing in the silent involutions of my thought, all the wrongs I have sustained, when you by your animadversion forcibly impress on my attention the persons at whose hands I have suffered; and consequently, all the uneasiness, all the irritation which my temper undergoes from such a retrospect, is wholly occasioned by your absurd, ill-timed abuse of those persons. It is true I do not at first confound in one sentiment of disgust him who has injured and him who has thus unintentionally afflicted me; but where the same thing is often repeated, one cannot help in some measure connecting the two ideas so far as to feel displeased, though we may not know why, at our officious partizan; and thus it often falls out, that what was intended to conciliate esteem, becomes the first step to a coolness, if not a breach between friends. It can never be pleasing to a man to hear his enemy's name mentioned, though it be disrespectfully; and my readers will be most observant of civility, if they do not even communicate to one apothecary that his competitor is dead. X.

No. 27.

Ciel! à qui voulez-vous désormais que je fie
Les secrets de monâme, et les soins de ma vie?
Reprenez le pouvoir que vous m'avez commis
Si donnant des sujets, il ôte les amis.
Et si votre rigueur moi condemne à cherir,
Ceux que vous animez a moi faire périr.

CORNEILLE.

THE following poem is founded on the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, in the castle of Lochlevin, in Scotland. It is an epistle supposed to have been written by her to Kirkaldy of Grange, who really was, what he is here represented, a man of sincerity and character. The incidents to which the poem alludes are admirably related in Stuart's History of Scotland; and any one of my readers, who may be unacquainted with them, will not mispend his time if he should take the trouble to peruse that narrative.

AN EPISTLE

FROM

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

TO KIRKALDY OF GRANGE.

Leagued as thou art with those who seal my doom,
Hear once my voice! and leave me to the tomb.
Hear from these hateful walls a captive Queen;
Think what that captive is, and what has been.
What tho' thy numerous vassals crowd around,
Tho' fierce to arms the rattling trumpets sound,
Thy patriot soul no mean emotion knows,
And what thy conscience feels, thy lips disclose;
'Tis Scotland's welfare only fills thy breast—
Pride, Envy, Fear, and Interest arm the rest.

Ah, hapless Queen! whose memory still remains,
Each wrong retraces and each pang retains:
My dreams of youth Parisian pomp recalls,
And joins the Louvre to Lochlevin's walls:

Now paints the time, ere Francis ceas'd to live,
Ere this unconscious heart was taught to grieve;
When blest in love, ador'd by generous France,
Joy fill'd my soul and beam'd in every glance;
When troops of gallant knights on bended knee
No prize demanded but one smile from me:
When all was splendor, all was grace around,
And polish'd wit the gay carousal crown'd.
But now—ah cruel! all the pageants fade,
And the black contrasts rise in horrid shade!
The gallant knights, the pomp, the joys decay,
And Scotland's Lords appear in fierce array:
On Carberry's plain the grisly bands I trace,
Bands pledg'd and sworn to work a Queen's disgrace;
Still to my eyes my fainting troops appear,
And still thy parley vibrates in my ear:
Still in my mind (Ah! lost to thee is borne
The firm assurance by Kirkaldy sworn.

Heav'ns! shall Kirkaldy, whose untainted name
Upholds in distant realms the Scottish fame,
Whose faith unbroken strong reliance draws,
And gilds with lustre ev'n a Murray's cause;

Shall he forgetful of his plighted word,
Point at a captive Queen his conq'ring sword?
Oh! still your knightly faith, your pledge observe,
Nor crush with fetters her you swore to serve.

Grant that the bond your curst associates gave,
No clouds of error cast o'er Darnly's grave;
Grant (tho' absolv'd by Scotland's rigorous laws,
And crown'd, insidious, by his Peers' applause),
That in suspicious eyes Earl Bothwell stood
Disgrac'd, and tainted with his sov'reign's blood;
Grant ev'n that I, by amorous fancy led,
Sought, uncompell'd, a reeking traitor's bed,
Grant all the slanders of this monstrous time,
Ev'n that myself was conscious of the crime—
Yet was a compact sworn on Carberry's field,
By all acknowledg'd, and by me fulfill'd!
Alone, unfriended, Bothwell left the plain,
His penitence, his past acquittal vain.—
Thine ears, Kirkaldy! heard my chilling word;
Thy eyes departing saw that hated Lord;
Led thro' my soldiers by thy honour'd hand,
Fearless I pass'd to Morton's treacherous band,

Smil'd as with false respect he bent his knee,
And fear'd no treachery——for I trusted thee.
See then the sad reverse! allegiance gone,
Bonds are my sceptre and a goal my throne:
Hopeless, and torn from all my friends, I grieve,
And count the minutes by the sighs I heave.
Well could my soul the pomp of rule forego,
State pleasures, courtly smiles, and gaudy shew;
These I regret not ravish'd; but I mourn
The nobler powers that royalty adorn;
Of the sweet privilege, long enjoy'd, debar'd,
To raise the drooping, and the good reward.
Nurs'd in the lap of wealth my infant hand
Was train'd to bounty in a foreign land;
And two rich realms an ample source supplied,
As that unwearied hand the streams applied,
Nor did these mighty Peers my gifts disown;
I gave to all, for they were all my own;
Nor e'er (tho' still to spurn the donor bold)
Did the reformer shrink from Mary's gold.
Then my great sire, lamented Henry, smil'd,
And watch'd the opening virtues of his child;
With partial fondness o'er each feature hung,
And prais'd each accent of my lisping tongue;
Mark'd with fond hopes my dawning sense unfold,
And years of greatness and of power foretold.

Ill-judging Prince! for other fortunes born,
Mischance and sorrow mark'd my natal morn:
So light a thing as beauty urg'd my fate,
And ting'd with envy sour Eliza's hate;
No plots had she, no fresh-coin'd treasons known,
Had not her sister's features dim'd her own;
Of Mary's charms she learnt with sullen ear,
Look'd in the glass, and found no beauties there;
Then starting, summon'd aid for England's throne—
Alas! the traitors were these eyes alone.
Wretch that I am! what little, little good,
Has my short life to royal birthright ow'd!
Just for a moment giv'n of bliss to taste,
Then left to judge the present by the past.
In youth I learnt affliction's pang to prove,
Reft of the partner of my early love;
Deceiv'd by artifice, and trick'd to shame,
I lost in Darnly's tomb my spotless fame;
And now see fierce rebellion fill my throne,
Shut from my last, best joy, my infant son.—
Ah! who now left of all the royal train
Screens the poor babe from insult and from pain!

What tender arms that much-lov'd form infold
And softly shelter from the winter's cold?
What tender arms the boist'rous crowd repel,
While o'er his eyes the dews of slumber steal?
Ah! who like me will hush the tumults wild,
Gaze on his calm repose, and bless the child?

Sweet be his slumbers! mute the dire alarms,
That ring my knell, and force him from my arms:
For me alone may Heaven these ills prepare,
For me the miseries of intestine war;
'Gainst me alone may Treason's host appear,
And England's Queen exhaust her rancour here.
To Zeal, to Faction, I resign my crown—
Nay, let them take my life—but spare my son.

Yes, be it mine to feel a subject's power,
A lonely captive in Lochlevin's tower;
Unmark'd, unpitied, here in chains to groan,
And expiate crimes and treasons not my own;
Still roll to me the same each circling year,
No sports relieve me, and no converse cheer;
Ne'er let me taste a short but grateful calm;
Even all consoling Sleep withhold his balm,

Till my tird'd eyes at dawn begin to close,
And feverish slumbers creep upon my woes;
Still may the barrier waves my gaol surround,
And all my schemes of liberty confound:
And haughty Douglas still in frowns appear,
Deride my sorrows, and insult my fear;
New on my faded splendour sarcasm throw;
And, once a servant, boast to be a foe.—
Such is Queen Mary's fate.—For this thy word
Was pledg'd! behold the trophies of thy sword;
For this dire end, ere yet the boiling realm
Had felt my gentle guidance at its helm,
The traitor Lords in savage compact swore,
And stamp'd my ruin ere I touch'd the shore:
For this his wiles insidious Murray try'd,
My councils tainted, and my friends destroy'd;
And furious Knox, to fill the mad'ning band,
Blew the loud blast of schism o'er the land.
Unequal conflict! Ill might I oppose
My youth unpractis'd to confederate foes:
No loyal Scot detected Murray's guile,
And shew'd the treasons ambush'd in his smile;
Not one was near of all great Henry's train
To ease the cares of an ill-omen'd reign!
My sister Queen but flatter'd to betray;
Cold in the grave my sainted mother lay;

And her proud kinsman in that fatal hour
Reluctant stoop'd to Montmorenci's power.
No kind experience taught my trembling hand
To wield the sceptre of this factious land;
No friend stood forth that sceptre to protect—
All flam'd with hate, or chill'd me with neglect:
Till by advice deceiv'd, or threat'nings aw'd,
I gave the Earl my hand, and crown'd their fraud.

Ah! wherefore did no friendly tongue disclose
That the dire act was plotted by my foes?
No—not a friend appear'd to stay my choice:
Erskine was dumb, and mute Kirkaldy's voice:
The spirits of my fathers, from the tomb,
Sent forth no warning of their daughter's doom:
To crush one dame a nation's craft combin'd,
And through her female softness sapp'd her mind.
I paus'd, I trembled—all their Queen betray'd;
My soul revolted, but my hand obey'd.
But scarce the rite—ah, mournful pomp!—was done,
Scarce on the bridal feast had sunk the sun,
Ere my keen fears could all the fraud descry,
And read my fate in Morton's alter'd eye.
Then was I sunk indeed; my conscious pride
No more the shafts of calumny defy'd;

That conscious worth from Mary's breast was flown,
Which whisper'd peace when other hope was gone.
Of all the Peers who sign'd the fatal deed,
Which forc'd their Queen to share Earl Bothwell's bed,
Not one to grace our mournful court remain'd;
But all around a boding silence reign'd:
While to their bleak domains the chiefs retir'd,
And Bothwell's death and Mary's fall conspir'd;
With fancied crimes the tale of slander swell'd,
And vow'd to punish what their power compell'd;
Insidious Maitland ran from Peer to Peer,
And pour'd his specious lies in every ear,
Till through the realm the base aspersion spread,
And each fierce Lord his troops to vengeance led;
And soon—too soon—Kirkaldy's name adorn'd
The foul associates whom his honour scorn'd.
The day shall come (nor yet a distant time)
When keen remorse shall teach thee all thy crime;
Teach thee, too late, that nought can faith supply,
Nor virtue flourish if allegiance die.
This hollow league which binds thee now my foe,
Aims at thy crest a surer, deadlier blow;

Too late will treason all her projects own,
Burst her thin veil, and claim the Scottish throne;
Too late wilt thou awake to honour's call,
Start from the bands that work thy country's fall;
Too late, alas! my ruin'd cause defend,
And curse the hour that made thee Morton's friend.

X.

No. 28.

"Mercatique solum, facti denomine Birsam,
"Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo."

VIRG.

THE extraordinary ingenuity of modern conveyancers is very far exceeded by that transaction, which is recorded by Virgil in the passage from which I have taken the motto of this paper. A widow, called Dido, being desirous of investing what she could secure from the wreck of her late husband's estate to the best advantage, bargained with a gentleman, called Jarbas, for so much land as she could inclose in a bull's hide; but by means of a little nicety in the wording of the release, and throwing in among

other words of conveyance (as is usual to this day) one which might have the force of '*surround*,' the widow's attorney cut the said hide into small slips, and fastening them to each other, took in a circuit of near four miles (according to Servius), and claimed the fee-simple of the whole of that tract by virtue of this deed. I have often reflected on this story with secret satisfaction. There is nothing in any of the ancient writers that leads one to think it was then considered as a very unusual instance of dexterity; therefore I am willing to flatter myself that, even in those early ages, the mind of man was as sharp in matters of business as it is at this time: and that the science of over-reaching is not, like the art of making gun-powder, merely modern; but has been practised from very remote antiquity, and may, in fact, be considered as coeval with property itself—a conclusion, which is not only satisfactory to those who, out of a principle of pure philanthropy, like myself, rejoice in whatever tends to prove the native strength of the human understanding, which is best done by tracing all arts and sciences to an early origin; but must be exceeding consolatory to such of our professional dealers in words as are afflicted

with a certain hypochondriac disorder, called qualms of conscience, by shewing them great authority for their practices, and including them, if the worst come to the worst, in very good company.

However, I have been led from considering the fact above related in this manner, to view it in a wider point of view. From the circumstances of the contract it is evident, that, at the period when it took place, it was the vogue to prefer land to the public funds; otherwise Dido would never have loaded herself with real property, more especially, as it seems by this purchase she brought upon herself the additional trouble of building: and a very wide field of discussion from hence opens itself, in the contemplation of the long agitated question, 'How to lay out money to the best advantage?' with reference to the usages of antiquity. I would not have superficial persons sneer at this notion: for a very learned body of men of this age have gone a great way towards making antiquity the standard of wisdom in all things, and have passed their lives in bringing forward notices on many subjects, either evident or allegorical, from the classic writers, highly to the edification of all mankind, and vastly to their own individual

honour and emolument. Certainly one cannot consider a subject of higher importance. The attention of wise men is uniformly bent on making the most of their capital; and as the modern world is agreed in giving credit for a high degree of wisdom in its parent, the ancient world, notices from old writers can never be collected to more obvious benefit than on this subject. For, though I do not pretend that my researches (and numerous they have been among the very dregs and offals of antiquity, in hopes of recommending myself to the Antiquarian Society) can establish any thing conclusive (which is indeeed seldom the case with any researches at all), yet I conceive it a matter of no common curiosity, to trace the different leanings of the public mind as to purchases of land, real security, and the public funds, from the creation of the world down to the extinction of polite learning during the middle ages. In a dissertation on this subject too, an author, I mean a *bona fide* scribbler, has a great advantage over the persons from whom most of the treatises on money matters come: for as a bystander sees more of the game than he does who is engaged in it, an author who has a prescriptive claim to the honourable distinction of poverty,

must have a clearer insight into the mystery of communicating to property the power of propagating itself, than they can possibly obtain, who are encumbered with the management of it. In this paper, therefore, I shall lay before my readers what notices I have been enabled to collect in ancient writers concerning so important a point: and I am so thoroughly convinced of the general deference now paid to antiquity, of the willingness with which we are all led to see allegorical meanings in mythological stories, that I submit my disquisition to the public, without the least apprehension of it being undervalued or misunderstood.

Among the earlier nations, I am induced to think the Phrygians were averse to funding their capital, and dealt largely in mortgages. Cybele, the tutelary goddess of these people, is identified with Vesta, or the earth; whence we might suppose the genius of the Phrygians led them altogether to making purchases. But, for another light on the subject, which is deducible from the same goddess, Cybele was imaged in a car—an emblem that their interest in the land was *transitory*, or subject to *redemption:* but Cybele was likewise crowned with a *tower*, having four, six, or eight embrazures; there-

fore the deeds (or *muniments*) of the land were made over, and four, six, or eight per cent. paid, according to the exigency of the borrower; which method of regulating the rate of interest obtains among another Asiatic people, the Jews, and to a still greater latitude *upwards*, to this day. I am surprised that Mr. Bryant, in his wonderful analysis, has not hit upon this illustration of the mystery hid under the worship of Cybele: it is capable of being demonstrated yet more minutely, but the reader will think it sufficiently obvious already.

During the war of the giants, I find the value of the land much depreciated. Tityus was a land-jobber, and *laid out his all* on a field of nine acres (a circumstance greatly in favour of the antiquity of the Lancashire measure); but it turned out so bad a purchase, that he repented it as long as he lived. This plain, simple fact, the poets have told us in their way, representing Tityus as a giant, who was stretched for his presumption over a field of the above dimensions, by Jupiter, with a vulture constantly gnawing his entrails; but the real circumstances appear very clearly through this allegory. So too in respect to the other story of Briareus and his companions piling mountain upon moun-

tain, in order to gain the ascendant over the Gods. Now the poets typified the *landed interest* by the denomination of *Sons of the Earth;* by the Gods they meant the stock-holders, whose property was *substantial:* and the fact was, that Briareus and Co. engaged in a large speculation, buying landed estate upon landed estate, and engaging their credit very deep, in order to become greater men than the *Gods*, or *stock-holders;* but these latter combining together, the company could not raise money to complete their purchases, became bankrupt, and the venders got their several estates again: all which is very sublime, when properly swelled out into an account of heaping hill upon hill, of the rattling of thunder, and of the several mountains being restored to their places on the destruction of the giants.

Land, however, soon got up: for in the ages properly called heroic, the most distinguished persons applied themselves to improving the breed of cattle, with as much judgement and success as Mr. Bakewell, Mr. Cully, or Mr. Collins, in our time. There was a king of Spain, and another eminent dealer in Thrace, who improved the breed of horses, and sweated the grooms who attended them so thoroughly to

skin and bone, that they were said to feed their favourites with human flesh.—There was a queen of Mycenæ, who prided herself so much on a cow produced by a peculiar *crop*, and called Io, that she hired a man to shew her all about the country, as we learn from Io herself, in one of the tragedies of Eschylus: for machinery was carried to such perfection on the Athenian stage, that Eschylus was enabled to introduce this cow (whilst on her travels) giving an account of her adventures in a very long speech. It would be tedious to enumerate here all the *great breeders* of Greece; but the fashion proves the general preference given to landed property at that time. Indeed I find no instance of the prevalence of the funds throughout the Grecian history, except in respect to Sparta, where the whole funding system was carried, by the law of the land, to its greatest extent, and a species of iron assignats introduced, which were preferable to our stamped paper, on account of their durability, however inferior they might be to ours in convenience of carriage.

What was the opinion of the Athenians on this point, during the latter periods of the republic, may be collected from a passage of

Menander, which reprobates the stockholders as a parcel of noodles. He says,

Ω φιλτατεγη μητιε, ὡς σεμνον σφοδρ' ει
Τοις νυν εχουσι κτημα.

which means (I translate for the benefit of the country gentlemen) 'O dearest parent earth! how respectable a *property* art thou considered by such as have their wits about them!' and intimates pretty strongly, that they who prefer government securities are of a different description. This was probably occasioned by the fall of stock during the troublesome times in which the poet lived: and I think I am warranted, from the whole review of Grecian history, in pronouncing, that whenever any of these petty governments was flourishing, its funds were above par. Being, however, now arrived at those limits which my sheet prescribes, I must refer the consideration of this question, as illustrated by other anecdotes respecting Greece, and by the whole Roman History, to some future paper: in the mean time earnestly requesting my readers to recollect, that the nine acres of Tityus, and the mountains of Briareus, are reflected by many speculations besides those

which, according to my gloss, are directly typified by the story:—for disappointment, remorse, and humiliation are the necessary followers of inordinate grasping, be its object what it may.

X.

No. 29.

"Men some to business some to pleasure take,
"But every woman is at heart a rake."

POPE.

Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum.

JUV.

BELPHEGOR, A TALE.

IN modern times, as Authors tell,
Strict order is observ'd in hell;
A court of justice is erected,
And orphans' rights, like ours, protected:
Due aids the sov'reign's cares retrench;
A Chanc'ry, king's and common bench,
And ev'ry other solemn shew
Which here on earth we mortals know,
Is grown in common use below.

But once, when from the sitting court
My Lord Chief Justice made report,
That all men who came to his bar
(And few went upwards he could hear,)
Loudly on womankind exclaim'd;
And wives for all their mis'ries blam'd;
Nay, call'd the sex man's greatest curse,
When ta'en for better or for worse:
Satan astonish'd heard the tale,
And thought the rogues were leagued to rail;
Swore he had found them much more pleasant;
When caught in Eden, damage feasant;
Declar'd he thought the mortals lied,
And vow'd the question should be tried.

But who to take the Inquisition?
What Fiend of daring disposition
Would leave the sweets of Hell's domain
For pleasures of an earthly strain?
He knew the magic-mint of Hell
Was safer than a gambler's spell;
And fear'd no Demon might be found
To quit his flames for upper ground,
And (e'en but for some years) to dare
The horrors of connubial war.

The black rod flew: the peers assembled;
Hell's concave with their coaches trembled.

When met at length in full divan,
Th' imperial Speaker thus began :—
" Tho' here we rule with single sway,
" And all our sov'reign nod obey ;
" Yet at this juncture we think best
" To broach the purpose to your breast,
" And your good counsel to require—
" Be grateful, and assist your Sire.
" Reflect how Eve in early times,
" The mother of terrestrial crimes,
" By longing in a lucky hour,
" Advanc'd on earth Satanic power :
" Sure then that Lady's daughters merit
" Some gratitude from ev'ry Spirit,
" And all of ye, I trust who hear us,
" The sex's champions will appear as :
" My Lords, the Dames are in bad plight ;
" I have it here in black and white
" (By oath of all who cross the ferry)
" That man is never after merry,
" When once united to a wife :
" But shame, or penitence, or strife,
" Or Jealousy, the wretch afflicts
" Till Fate dispatch him o'er the Styx.
" Is then, ye potentates, mankind
" In one malevolence combin'd,

" To shift the noose from their one necks
" And scandalize the weaker sex:
" Or, by a female as we trace
" Our right below to all the race,
" Has now the same bold sex unfurl'd
" Our standard in the upper world,
" And stretch'd our late confin'd domain
" Triumphant o'er the seats of men?
" Haste then, some Fiend, with speed away,
" Infold himself in mortal clay,
" The charge with strict attention scan,
" And search the source of woe to man."

The monarch thus his wish express'd,
But fear clogg'd each infernal breast,
Nor could one Fiend, in all his legions,
Change for a wife those dusky regions:
In expectation of reply,
Satan heav'd many an anxious sigh;
At length—" Since all my friends" he cried,
" At such a juncture are tongue-tied,
" The mystic lots must end the strife
" And settle which shall take a wife."
The lots were cast; the luckless Devil
Doom'd to this utmost verge of evil,
Hight Belphegor—*prime Fiend* in Hell,
Tho' call'd *Archangel* ere he fell.

Demons take very little dressing;
Adieu, shake hands, and Satan's blessing;
With just one hundred thousand sterling,
Was all: when straight his vans unfurling
He left the gloomy domes of Dis;
And pass'd the splashy, dark abyss,
(Which as old Milton has defin'd,
Demons as well as all mankind
Must venture through to come to light,)
Then bolted out our airy Sprite,
Within the precincts of the court,
Where (nightly) men of sense resort,
All for the good of circulation
And greater welfare of the nation;
Where stock is sold in box of leather,
And dice and timber shake together.

For coach and servants first in town
Sir Belphegor Mac Fiend is known:
The Dames to ill by nature prone,
Declare Sir Bel is quite the ton:
His frame my Lady Mayoress eyes,
His nose, his calves, his back, his thighs;
While, westward, green young Ladies dote
On the nice hanging of his coat:
His air o'ercomes the titled dame;
And all the town is in a flame.

But still the men with envious lour
Beheld th' encroachments of his power:
He shakes his elbows—in a trice
The magic movement thaws the ice:
Straight the beau monde attends his levee,
Knights, Lords, and Dukes, and couns'llors Privy,
With rapture this his run of luck sees,
And introduces him to Brookes's:
This makes a fete to entertain him;
That pimps, the easier to drain him;
'Till fixt secure and high in fame,
He thinks it time to play his game.
Who could withstand? each daily print
Some buckish prank of his had in't:
Lord Kenyon had arraign'd his morals;
The Commons grac'd him with their laurels,
And Bow-street runners salv'd his quarrels.
And this is all that's wanting now
(Besides a cropt head and good bow)
To make a dashing fellow free
Of all *select society*.
He smiles—he woes—the nymph gives ear—
The daughter of a northern Peer.
What tho' but small her fortune told?
Sir Belphegor had mines of gold;

Besides i' th' Castle you might see
Beyond Macbeth her pedigree.
The day was fixt; the bride possest;
Sure never Fiend was half so blest;
He thought the sun got up too soon,
For more than half the honey-moon;
Was always kissing, always toying,
Nor thought a wife could e'er be cloying:
But Lady Mary, tho' but young,
Knew for what heaven had given her tongue;
Well could she that keen weapon wield;
But in the stops, alas! unskill'd,—
Unwearied still, with might and main
She rung the larum o'er again.
Besides, like milk, as royal blood
If kept too long will not be good,
And straining down, at ev'ry stage
Leaves sediment from age to age;
So Lady Mary's high nobility
Was sadly tinctur'd with scurrility;
And haughtiness so swell'd her heart,
And canker'd Cupid's golden dart,
That soon her *dear* she held in scorn,
And wonder'd where the wretch was born!
"And whence" says she, "my knight descends?
"Who ever heard of the Mac Fiends?"

In short her ancestry so great
Had puff'd her pride to such an height,
That 'twas a doubt with Belphegor,
If Lucifer himself had more:
'Till half a year's close observation
Remov'd all farther hesitation,
And he maturely could decide
She far outdid his Prince in pride.
But still he kept a jocund heart;
"For nineteen years—and then we part:"
For when the lot was cast in Hell,
'Twas fixt for him on whom it fell,
That when twice ten short years were pass'd,
His mission should no longer last,
But welcome Death untie the noose
And snatch the Devil from his spouse.

But other ills were yet behind;
Poor Belphegor, to these was blind.
For Madam's kin he must provide;
Their bareness suited ill her pride:
"My Lord, my brother shan't be dunn'd,
"Pay twenty thousand on his bond—
"My cousin David's bound for Bombay—
"To him you shall a good round sum pay;
"Be't but a quarter of a plum—
"'Twill do him good—and what's the sum?

" On bottomry it might be lent—
" His note will do, and five per cent."

How shall I tell each added evil
That vext this miserable Devil ?
Coach, horses, liveries, furniture—
His purse was not a day secure;
Play debts and dress ! immense expence—
Poor Belphegor produc'd the pence,
But well foresaw the consequence.
" My sister has but little fortune;
" Sir Bel, you're rich enough to sport one."
One mischief follows close another;
Near Grosvenor Gate, My Lord, her brother,
Fell by his friend's unlucky shot—
There twenty thousand went to pot:
And all the Captain's borrow'd stock
Split with him on a treacherous rock.

Soon as the Fiend these tidings heard,
He said not to his love one word;
Stood not a moment—Shall-i, shill-i,
But whipt into an evening Dilli,
And long ere to his duns 'twas known
In London that the bird was flown,
Some hundred miles was out of town.
Now spreads the news: My lady storms;
A crowd of duns around her swarms :

No friend assists but with good wishes—
Writ after writ the Sheriff issues,
And ev'ry Bailiff had his warrant
To reconduct this devil Errant.
Old England rose from end to end
To catch Sir Belphegor Mac Fiend;
The tipstaffs hunt him, helter, skelter;
Now here, now there, he lurks for shelter;
Till tir'd, he manages to pop
Into a lean Empiric's shop,
And thus begins in accents civil—
" Don't be alarm'd—I 'm the Devil;
" Kindly assist a suppliant Fiend,
" And Satan's self shall be thy friend."
But Galen thought the stranger flouted,
And his integrity much doubted;
Cries Bel, " My power shall wealth impart—
" Tho' weak my purse, yet strong my art:
" Oh let me but my duns evade,
" And be the envy of thy trade;
" This day let all proceedings stop;
" Bar up thy window, shut thy shop;
" Let me but here in petto lie,
" 'Till the damn'd catchpoles are gone by.—"

X.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by J. and E. Hodson,
Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden.

364633

LE Clarke, Hewson
C5985s The saunterer. Vol.1.

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED